

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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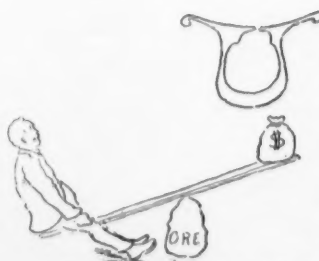
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HON. JOHN P. JONES, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEVADA.

THE CAREER OF SENATOR JOHN P. JONES.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE GREAT SILVER LEADER.



UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN P. JONES, of Nevada, is one of the most striking products of "bonanza" days in California. He has seen more ups and downs than all the other bonanza kings put together. And he not only refuses to sit down quietly to the enjoyment of his millions, but he takes an active part in American politics. And he is unquestionably one of the brightest men in the United States Senate.

Mr. Jones is the most thoroughly American of all the men

who dug fortunes out of the hills and streams of California in 1849; though most of the others were born under the stars and stripes, and he is of English nativity.

Mr. Jones started out with a better foundation than most of the 'forty-niners had. He was brought to Cleveland, Ohio, when he was only eighteen months old, and was educated at the public schools of that city. And his old professors testify that he displayed great mental strength as a young man. Unlike the O'Briens and others of that ilk, Mr. Jones remained in civilization until he was nineteen years old. So, any one who assumes that he is as ignorant and as coarse as some of his old associates, reckons without a knowledge of the man. Not long ago Senator Jones told me that only one newspaper man had ever abused him; and he was the correspondent of a big New York

newspaper, whose signature was known all over the United States eight years ago.

"He used to abuse me dreadfully," said the Senator. "He said that my manners at the table were disgusting—that I put my knife in my mouth, and so on. One day I met this young man and his wife at a country house. I spent two or three days with them. I knew all the time who he was, but I didn't say anything. One day he came to me and spoke of the way he had abused me. 'I have been with you here constantly now for two or three days,' he said, 'and I know that I was in the wrong. I wish to make a frank and full apology to you.' This young man was a great admirer of Blaine, and I said to him: 'If you had read carefully what your Mr. Blaine says of me in his

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
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MAY 9, 1895.

The Bribery Charges.

IT is to be hoped that the charges of bribery in connection with legislation at Albany which are now under investigation by a Senate committee may be shown to be unfounded. But it is the simple truth to say that they are quite generally believed to be warranted by the facts. Many things have happened in the course of the present session which have helped to arouse suspicion. Measures of grave public interest and importance, to which there was no possible objection in sound public policy, have been "held up," or emasculated, or strangled outright, while others of a doubtful character have been put through, in defiance of public sentiment, under whip and spur of the lobby. In some cases deals between members who have nothing in common politically have been ostentatiously carried out in furtherance of legislation confessedly personal or factional, or to secure the defeat of bills which seemed to menace existing "combines." It is the purest nonsense to pretend that these questionable acts were dictated by a patriotic regard for the public interests, or that the considerations which inspired them were otherwise than dishonorable. We suspect that if the truth could be known it would be found that money has been, in more cases than one, the sole argument used to effect vicious legislation on the one hand, and to defeat the passage of wholesome and needed laws on the other. The Senate committee may not discover the facts, but it ought to do so, and it will be inexcusable if it fails to use its utmost authority to that end. The good name of the State, so foully besmirched by these accusations, can only be vindicated by the exposure and subjection to deserved punishment of every legislator who has voted corruptly on any measure which he was called upon to consider, and of every lobby agent as well who has, directly or indirectly, contributed to the debauchery of legislation.

South Carolina Politics.



HAT is a curious spectacle which is presented in South Carolina—the Bourbon Democrats abandoning their States-rights theories and appealing to the Federal courts for protection against the State authorities, and the latter, or the Tillman Democracy, openly declaring that, the State being sovereign, they will not respect the processes of these courts. Some time ago a suit was instituted in the Circuit Court of the United States against the Governor and commissioner of elections, with a view of preventing the holding of any election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention. The main grounds upon which the suit was based were that the State registration act is unconstitutional, and that a conspiracy exists to deprive negroes of the right of suffrage. In this suit Judge Goff has granted a preliminary injunction restraining the State authorities from taking any action looking to an election, and requiring the defendants to show cause why this injunction should not be made permanent. Governor Evans meets this injunction with the declaration that he "will treat it with the contempt it deserves," and his followers echo his bluster very much as South Carolinians echoed the nullification pronouncements of Calhoun sixty odd years ago.

It is not so much, however, the lurid avowals of the Governor and his satellites, as the attitude of the Bourbon Democrats in the controversy, that will attract serious attention. The registration act of which the latter complain, and which they seek to set aside, was devised and passed by them for the express purpose of enabling them to hold the State. Under it every possible partisan iniquity has been perpetrated. There have never been anywhere more audacious outrages upon the franchise, more infamous perversions of the popular will, than have been carried out under this and other laws enacted by these South Carolina champions of State rights. But with all their adroitness and debauchery of the ballot, they have at last been overthrown. A revolt in their own party accomplished what other opposition could not do. Tillman and his men have come into control. Aggressive, unscrupulous, remorseless, these new leaders, long subjected to ostracism and contempt, have not been slow to avenge themselves upon the faction which withstood their appeals for recognition. Turning against that faction the methods of its own invention, and employing the machinery it devised, these Tillman leaders have intrenched themselves so securely that there is no possible way, under State law, by which their opponents can dislodge them. They are as absolute as they are pitiless. Thus it comes to pass that, driven to desperation—"hoist by their own petard"—the old-time nullificationists appeal to the national tribunals for protection, realizing that State sovereignty is, so far as their

rights and the safety of their interests are concerned, an empty abstraction, and that only an assertion of the Federal power can assure them security against intolerable oppression and persistent wrong.

Another fact in connection with this matter which cannot escape notice is the solicitude of the minority for the preservation of the right of suffrage to the blacks. That the very men who are responsible for the policy of intimidation and disfranchisement which maintained "white supremacy" in South Carolina at the cost of the wholesale ostracism of the blacks and palpable violations of national law, should now appear as the champions of a free and honest suffrage is, indeed, an amazing fact. It goes without saying that the transformation is the result of partisan necessities, and not in any sense of changed convictions; but the outcome is likely to be the same in the one case as it would have been in the other. Ex-Senator Butler and other prominent South Carolinians are believed to be thoroughly in earnest in their determination to seek the deliverance of their State from its present Populistic rulers by the utilization of the negro vote, and it is not impossible that a coalition of the Democrats who agree with them and the Republicans may be effected, on this one issue, in the near future. Such a fusion would be, indeed, incongruous and unique, but if through it old wrongs should be righted and old heresies destroyed, it would amply justify itself to the judgment of posterity.

"Coin's Financial School."



CORRESPONDENT in Genesee, Illinois, asks us to reply to a book called "Coin's Financial School," which, he says, is making as many converts to free silver as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made to the anti-slavery cause. "Coin's Financial School" seems

a very smart book to a person who is wholly unacquainted with the facts of which it purports to treat. Its chief fallacy consists in assuming that silver has been chiefly, if not wholly, affected in its price by the act of Congress of 1873, dropping the standard silver dollar from the list of coins of the United States, and making the gold dollar the unit of American coinage. This is false and impossible, for so many reasons that a few of them only need be cited.

Merely dropping a coin from the coinage of a particular country, or declaring that coin of a different metal shall be the unit of that country, does not lessen the value of the metal of which that coin is made. Jefferson, when President, ordered the coinage of the standard silver dollar stopped in 1805, and none was coined until 1836. It did not affect the price of silver. England stopped the coinage of innumerable coins at various times, and changed her standards once or twice. India changed her standard from gold to silver in 1835 without affecting the value of gold; Holland, Belgium, and Portugal denied free coinage to gold between 1852 and 1858, when gold was the cheaper metal, but no such act exercised any influence over the price of bullion of either metal. To affect the value of a money metal something must occur which either increases or lessens the use of the metal, or its supply or its cost of production. Merely passing a statute may set in motion interests whose operation will in time increase the demand for the metal, diminish the supply, or lower or raise the cost. If either of these consequences occurs as an effect of the statute, then these consequences may become the causes of a change of value. But in such case the pertinent fact to show is the very cause itself, *i.e.*, the diminished demand or increased supply; but to cite the statute itself is as idle as to cite the song of a blackbird.

"Coin" never attempts to show in what degree the act of 1873 lessened the demand for silver or increased the supply. Hence the author traces no sequence between the statute and the fall in silver, because there is none. In fact, silver had been worth from two to five cents more than gold from 1853 to the enactment of the statute twenty years ago. Hence, whoever would have taken silver to the mint to be coined during that twenty years would have lost from three to five cents per dollar on every dollar he got coined. This raises a strong presumption that no person took any silver to the mint to be coined, not a dollar's worth, during the twenty years preceding the suspension of the privilege. So far as any was coined it must have been the act of the government itself in coining into new American coins some of the old foreign silver coins which it received in payment of duties. About five millions in eight years and only eight millions in eighty years had been so coined. Hence the privilege of free coinage of silver in the United States had not been worth a cent to the government nor to any holder of silver in twenty years, and it had had no value which had influenced, or been capable of influencing, the price of silver at any time. At the time its coinage was suspended America was on a greenback basis, and continued so for seven years thereafter. Silver was practically hidden out of sight by a double shield. The greenback issues had kept it for twelve years at an average premium of thirty per cent. over paper, and it was so much dearer than gold that it was regarded as certain that when we should resume specie payments it would be in gold and not in silver, as being the cheaper metal.

We were producing almost no silver, and had no silver

party. Meanwhile Germany, France, and India were all doing acts which tended to greatly lessen the demand for silver and increase the demand for gold. Germany had been through a great war with France in 1870-1, and had exacted the payment in 1871 of one billion sixty-three million dollars in gold. France had paid part and was paying the rest when Germany resolved to withdraw one billion four hundred million marks in silver from circulation and sell it as metal, and to coin up one billion four hundred and sixty million marks of gold. Some idea of the effect of this transaction on the market may be formed when we say that it meant that Germany turned from coin into commodity twenty-five thousand three hundred and seventy-five tons of silver, and called in from the gold market one thousand six hundred and ninety-two tons of gold bullion and converted it into coin. This is no ideal work, resting in mere printer's ink. It is hard, concrete tonnage of silver thrown on the market, such as could not have been drawn by a procession of oxen and carts thirty-six miles long, occupying five yards in length for every team carrying two tons of silver. It amounted to a tenth of all the coined silver in the world.

Germany's passing over from a silver to a gold basis kept her mints very busy from 1871 to 1874. When it began silver was dearer than gold, but by 1874 the premium on silver had disappeared and silver was at a slight discount. Owing to this discount the thirty-six miles of cart-loads of silver she was releasing and putting on the market for sale as a commodity began to come over into France in large quantities, to seek re-coinage into French francs under the double-standard system which France had always maintained. In one year (1873) the offers of silver at the French mint rose from an average of eleven million francs when silver was not at a discount, to offers of one hundred and nineteen million francs when silver had passed to a slight discount. This looked to France as if, as the discount grew, the whole flood of Germany's cheap silver would be presented to her to convert into gold. France became alarmed at the quantity of silver offered her, and stopped the further free coinage of silver in 1874.

Meanwhile, also, about a fourth of the world's annual product of silver had for the century preceding 1871 been drawn off to India in payment of the average balance of trade to that country from Europe, arising from the fact that India sold to Europe more than she bought. But in 1871 the great loans which England had been making in India so increased the interest due from India to England on these loans that no drain of silver to India was called for. This also lessened the demand for silver in Europe, and the two metals began to widen seriously in value.

Had France and the United States both continued the double standard and free coinage, France might have checked the downward tendency of silver by submitting to have her gold drawn away from her by gradual exchanges of her gold for the silver of Germany. In 1871, however, the reserves in gold and silver together of the Bank of France had been drawn down to only seventy-nine million dollars, and this was more largely of silver than of gold. Hence her supply of gold would have been drawn off probably within a year, and she then would have been reduced to buying silver bullion with her own silver coin, which would have sent her silver coin to the same discount as the bullion.

The United States could not have held up silver by free coinage for a day, because in 1873 it had in the treasury no gold coin, nor even any silver coin worth speaking of, to sustain free coinage with. It was getting in customs duties just enough specie to pay coin interest on its bonded debt, and no more.

It will thus be seen that what "Coin's Financial School" treats as the whole cause of the fall in silver, *viz.*, the act of our American Congress in 1873 dropping the standard silver dollar from coinage, did not lessen the demand for silver by a grain, nor increase the supply, nor lower the cost of production. It was as powerless to hurt silver as a chipmunk. But there were causes operating in other countries adequate to depress the value of silver very greatly. These the United States could not have controlled even by continuing the free coinage of silver until compelled to suspend it. For so to continue the free coinage of silver she must have had a stock of gold coin on hand sufficient to purchase all the silver offered for coinage. In default of this she could only have offered coined silver for uncoined, and this would have driven our silver coin to the same discount as the bullion. Free coinage of the trade dollar, which was legal tender up to five dollars, was by the act of 1873 substituted for free coinage of the standard dollar, and so continued until October, 1877, only five months before coinage under the law of 1878 was resumed at a rate never before equaled. Hence there was no actual suspension of free coinage of silver dollars of some kind except for five months in the winter of 1877-8, at which time silver had fallen to forty-six cents per ounce, and the bullion value of a dollar to about eighty cents.

There are many other fallacies in "Coin's Financial School," such as that demonetization of silver occasioned a contraction in the volume of money, whereas the volume of silver money has never in the history of the world been increased so rapidly as since silver was demonetized. Its actual coinage since free coinage ceased has amounted for the world to thirteen hundred million dollars, an addition of fifty per cent. to the whole silver supply, and for the United States to about five hundred and fifty-eight million

dollars, which is sixty-fold as many standard dollars as we had coined before in a century. Hence, instead of a contraction of silver sending down prices, we have had an enormous inflation of silver, fully adequate to send prices up and make times prosperous if silver would do it.

To meet this known fact the doctrine has been invented that prices of commodities, so far as affected by volume of money, depend on the volume of money of final redemption only, instead of the volume of all means of payment available for the purchase of commodities. It is sufficient to say that no such doctrine has ever been held by any economist of great or little repute, living or dead. It has been invented to meet the known fact that we have been passing through a vast inflation of coined silver since the free coinage of silver was suppressed, and hence, on the theory that prices are regulated by volume of money, prices ought to have gone up.

The Powers and Japan.

THE announcement that the British government will not join any combination of European Powers to interfere with the results of Japanese victories in the recent war is not unexpected, but it will prove a great disappointment to Russia, France, and Germany, which have been anxious for an aggressive European concert. In point of fact, there is no room whatever for intervention; Japan has displayed a moderation and magnanimity in dealing with her conquered foe which no European State would have displayed under like conditions, and she has kept herself, in all her demands, strictly within the limitations of international law and usage. The commercial advantages secured under the treaty are available for all alike, while the territorial acquisitions which have been insisted upon involve no infringement at all of the rights of any Power. Russia, of course, realizes that her schemes in the East, which have contemplated the extension of her trans-Siberian railway to Port Lozereff, in northeastern Corea, on the Yellow Sea, must come to naught if the treaty stands, and she will probably insist upon a cession of Chinese territory which will give her an available harbor on the Pacific, but she will be compelled to secure this from China, if secured at all, as a distinct concession; she certainly cannot afford to go to war with Japan on any pretext that her rights have been encroached upon in the terms of peace recently arranged. As to Germany and France, their pretension that the late belligerents ought to have consulted these Powers in settling their own affairs is so absolutely ridiculous that they will scarcely venture to affront the good opinion of mankind by going to any extremes in supporting it. It is too late in the day for these Powers to talk about "encroachments" or "unwarranted acquisitions of territory." Even now France is engaged in an utterly inexcusable war which looks to the absorption of Madagascar, and it was only a few years ago that she seized a large slice of Chinese territory to which she had no sort of claim. Russia has appropriated vast sections of Asia from no other motive than lust of territory, and is still pushing her outposts into domain which can only be possessed at the expense of every principle of justice and fair play. Germany, in the light of her grabs of territory in Africa, not to speak of the harsh territorial conditions she imposed upon France in 1871, is equally debarred from any active intervention for the nullification of a treaty which gives to Japan only the legitimate territorial fruits of her victory.

The refusal of Great Britain to be drawn into a concerted hostile demonstration is based, in part, no doubt, upon a conviction that the ground upon which it is proposed is politically untenable, but her main motive is unquestionably commercial. Of all the European countries, England will profit most largely from the opening of China to commerce and modern industries, and considerations of trade are, with her, always determinative. At the same time the fact that, with the treaty carried out, Russia must fail to secure the strategic position on the Pacific which she has so eagerly coveted has no doubt had its influence in bringing the British Cabinet to the decision at which it has arrived. As the matter now stands, it is pretty safe to conclude that, however the Powers may swagger and scold and threaten, Japan and China will in the end adjust their troubles on a basis satisfactory to themselves without any serious intrusion of meddlers from without.



THERE are indications that the friends of sound money have at length awakened to the importance of making an organized movement against the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The Reform Club of this city has instituted, and proposes to carry on, an active propaganda for the dissemination of literature designed to correct the fallacies of the free-silver advocates, and the administration will, it is said, bring all its influence to bear in the same direction. The Reform Club will have access to nearly one thousand newspapers in various parts of the country, in which editorial articles will appear weekly, and it will, besides, distribute, broadcast, tracts and pamphlets dealing with the vital facts of the monetary problem. Special efforts will

be made to reach all the colleges and universities, with a view of influencing not only the students but the professors and teachers as well. The plans of the administration, so far as announced, contemplate the utilization of the Federal officials in the several States as a nucleus around which to gather the anti-silver forces in the Democratic party, and it is intimated that members of the Cabinet will be expected to take the stump in furtherance of the crusade in behalf of a sound fiscal policy. There are those, no doubt, who will criticize the action of the President in thus throwing down the gauntlet, as likely to operate prejudicially to Democratic interests, but it is all the same a timely step toward assuring the safety of the national credit, and as such will command the approval of the great body of the people.

THE illustrations in our Easter number of the wonderful floral wealth of southern California, and especially of the display of roses in March and April, have been greatly admired, and to many readers afforded a real revelation of the marvelous beneficence of Nature in that favored region. There was, however, an error in designating the scenes depicted, which detracted from their interest in the eyes of Californians. Two of the exhibits of roses which were illustrated as belonging to private grounds in Pomona should have been credited to Pasadena. The mistake of the correspondent who supplied the photographs was, of course, unintentional, but the result was none the less annoying.

IN the passage of the Police Magistrates bill, designed to secure a greatly-needed reform in the police courts of this city, the Legislature has made a practical and gratifying response to the demands of public opinion. But the real credit for this achievement belongs to Governor Morton, who has persistently and loyally urged this and other reform measures which intriguing politicians have steadily labored to defeat. All the facts in the case go to show that it was his resolute attitude, more than any other consideration, which overcame the manifest reluctance of some Republican Senators to give this particular bill their support.

IN this week's issue we devote two pages of illustrations to the Adirondacks, and in another part of the paper appears a short article on a week's trip through this great wilderness of the Empire State. Some idea of the vastness of the region known as the Adirondack Mountains may be obtained from the following figures, taken from the annual report of the New York Forest Commission for 1893:

The great forest of northern New York covers an area of 3,588,803 acres. The Adirondack Park, or proposed reservation, includes 2,807,760 acres. The lands within the park line have been carefully classified, lot by lot, with the following result:

	Acres.		Acres.
Primeval forest.....	1,575,483	Waste.....	18,526
Lumbered forest.....	1,027,355	Water.....	57,104
Denuded.....	50,050	Wild meadows.....	495
Burned.....	13,430	Improved.....	64,717
			2,807,760

The difference in area, 781,043 acres, between the entire forest and that of the proposed reservation represents scattered or isolated tracts of woodland which could not well be included within the park line.

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

AS the theatrical season draws to a close it is natural for all play-goers who have more than a passing interest in things of the stage to take a retrospective glance at the plays which have been served up for their edification during the seven or eight months when our theatres are supposed to give the best they have. This backward look is really of value in more ways than one. The popularity of a play is always indicative of the taste of audiences, and as the theatre is the great popular amuser, it is not an unusual proceeding to gauge the popular intelligence by the plays which it likes. Then, too, in this day, when many who can speak with authority predict a dramatic renaissance, this annual looking backward is instructive as showing what American writers are doing to make this re-birth of a lost art a thing of reality and accomplishment. I confess that I find but little to encourage either a belief in the people's taste or a faith in the future of the American dramatist. That little is secured by a constant repeating of the comforting apothegm, "It is always darkest just before dawn. It is certainly very dark at present." As I spread the year's play-bills before me to refresh my memory, nothing of consequence strikes my eye by an American. To be very explicit, there has been little worthy of note by anybody. "Arms and the Man," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "An Enemy of the People," "Francillon," "Sapho," "Divorçons," "Ma Cousine," "The New Woman," "An Ideal Husband," and "The Importance of Being in Earnest" (by Oscar Wilde), are the only plays given this year that have had intrinsic value. And, unless I except the last named, there is not a popular success among them. The public preferred the melodramatic idiocies of "John-a-Dreams" and "The Masqueraders," or the inanities of the "Foundling" and "His Wife's Father." So much for the people's taste. Now for the American dramatist. But one of the plays mentioned above is by an American, "His Wife's Father," and it is quite the worst of a bad lot. There have been three or four other plays by native authors, all immature and futile attempts. "His Grace de Grammont," by Mr. Fitch, got no nearer than Brooklyn, so that will

have to be put in with next year's successes—for reports speak highly of its quality and workmanship. And so much for our play-writers. The outlook is rather dreary. Our only hope is in the higher education of the public, the downfall of the speculative manager, and the turning of the attention of our young men of letters—and old ones, too—toward the stage.

IN the fourth volume of the new edition of Poe that is being issued at intervals by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, of Chicago, Professor Woodberry, one of the editors, gives in the notes some very interesting comments on the sources of many of Poe's plots. During Poe's lifetime there were numerous charges of plagiarism—always more or less the resultant of success and popularity—but they rest on such flimsy and unsubstantial grounds that they deserve and receive little attention. Where suggestions and even incidents were taken from others' work they were used with what Mr. Woodberry calls "the royal right." He goes on to say that "a writer in *Notes and Queries* has brought forward what is either the original suggestion for, or else a curious parallel to, 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue.' This story has for so many years held its place among the best—if not quite the best of its kind ever written—that I quote the entire paragraph from *Notes and Queries*, knowing that it will interest all who at one time or another have been under the spell of its horrors. The writer, Mr. W. F. Waller, says:

"The employment of an ourang-outang in the committal of these murders (referring to the story) has always seemed to me one of the most original ideas in fiction with which I am acquainted, until now when I light upon an extract from the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, tucked away in the *Chronicle* columns of the 'Annual Register.' Poe's story was published in *Graham's Magazine* for April, 1841. What took place at Shrewsbury occurred in July or August, 1834. At that time certain showmen visited the town with a 'ribbon-faced baboon' which, it was afterward shrewdly suspected, had been taught to burgle—or, as the *Chronicle* puts it, to 'commit robberies by night by climbing up places inaccessible to men, and thereby gaining an entrance through the bed-room window'—precisely the method of procedure adopted by Poe's anthropoid. In her bedroom one night a Shrewsbury lady found the creature. She raised an alarm and the baboon instantly attacked her, and with so much fury that the lady's husband, who had come to the rescue, was glad to let it escape by the window. The ourang-outang of the Rue Morgue makes a similar, though more fatal, attack when it is discovered in a lady's bedroom there, and effects its escape by the same means. It is, of course, possible that Poe may have never run across this episode; but it seems more than probable that he did."

Whether he did or no, the coincidence is singular and of interest.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



—IN addition to a scholarly and critical knowledge of Greek and Latin, Mr. Gladstone is almost as well versed in French and Italian as he is in English. His familiarity with the latter language won a tribute from the Italian ambassador to England, who, after a three hours' conversation with the ex-premier in the Tuscan tongue, admitted that Mr. Gladstone had not hesitated a moment for a word, or used any but the right word in the right place. Mr. Gladstone is still busy with general literature. He expects soon to have ready for the publisher an edition of Bishop Butler's works, with full annotations.

—Engelbert Humperdinck, who is hailed in Germany as the new Wagner, because of the eminent success of his opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," is forty-one years old, and for the past five years he has been a teacher in Hoch's conservatory at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Previous to that he was a teacher in the Barcelona Conservatory of Music, a post to which he was appointed after he had finished his musical studies at Munich. One is impressed, in looking at Humperdinck's portrait, with the dome-like altitude of his forehead, which seems Shakespearean in its general aspect.

—James Whitcomb Riley writes very slowly and with painstaking care. Bill Nye, his old associate and friend, says that he digs his pencil into the paper so hard that the several sheets below form manifold copies of the original. Mr. Riley is very careful of his dialect, which is said to be absolutely faithful to life. Sometimes, according to Mr. Nye, he is willing to leave a poem unfinished for a year in order to secure the exact word needed.

—The latest interesting characteristic of Mark Twain to be made public is his capacity for preserving good health on only four hours' sleep a day. This seems incredible, though his life as a pilot on the Mississippi may have trained him to do with less sleep than ordinary men. Mr. Clemens is said to spend his mornings reading and smoking, and his afternoons writing and smoking. In the evening he reads and smokes again.

—William Black made a failure of portrait-painting before he took to literature. The novelist is now fifty-four years old. Between yachting, shooting, and driving, he gets more out-door enjoyment than falls to the lot of most men of letters. He is an enthusiastic botanist.

—Rudyard Kipling is said to have a pair of remarkable blue eyes, which once seen are never forgotten. During a recent visit to Washington he attempted to go about the city incognito, but his eyes, it is averred, rendered his disguise a failure.



JOHN A. LAFARGE, THE AMERICAN ARTIST, WHO HAS BEEN ALLOTTED AN ENTIRE SECTION IN THE PARIS SALON FOR THE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—(SEE PAGE 381.)



REV. MARY B. G. EDDY, FOUNDER OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MOVEMENT.



REV. AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D., PASTOR OF FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, NEW YORK



CAROL NORTON, C.S., ASSISTANT PASTOR, FIRST CHURCH, NEW YORK.



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH, BOSTON, ERECTED AS A TRIBUTE TO THE FOUNDER OF THE SECT.



MRS. LAURA LATHROP, C.S.D., PASTOR OF SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, NEW YORK.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS—(SEE PAGE 306.)



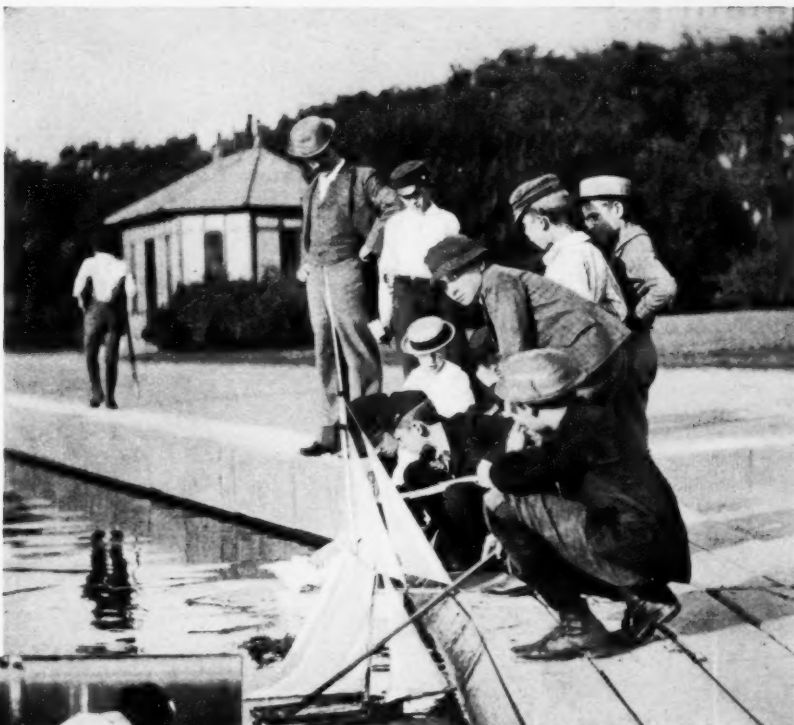
GETTING INTO THE WIND.



A WINNER.



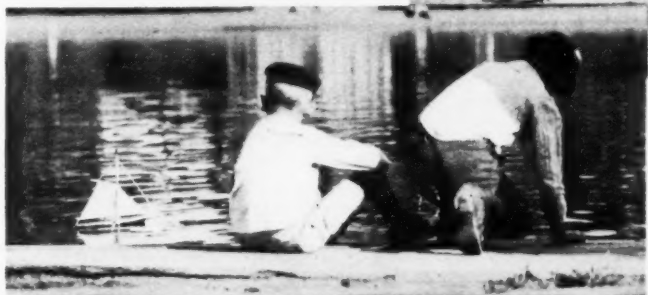
INTERESTED SPECTATORS.



A RACE IN PROSPECT.



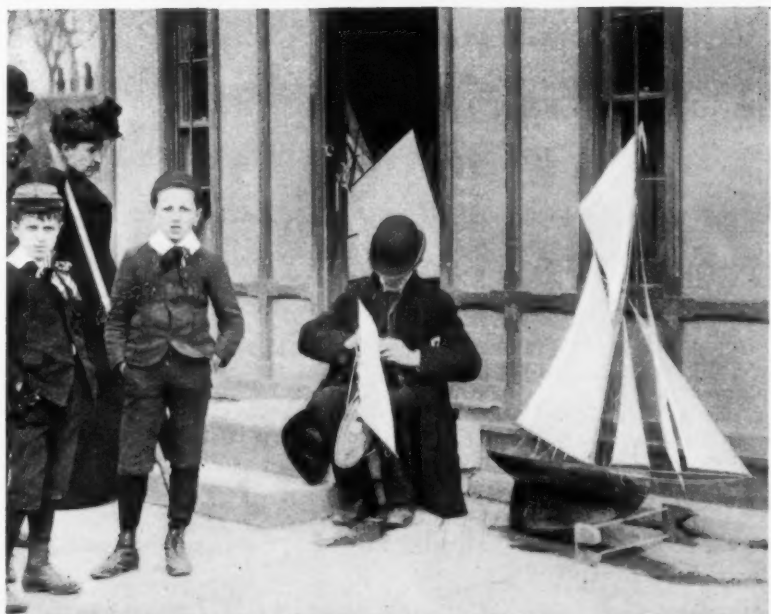
AT THE BOAT-HOUSE.



A LAUNCH.



"THERE THEY GO!"



REPAIRING DAMAGES.



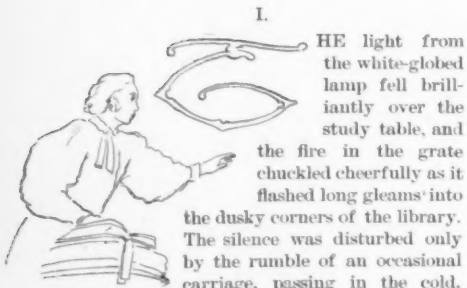
THE LAKE.

Juvenile yachting is one of the principal amusements of Central Park during the season of out-door sports. Many of the boats are as perfect in design as the larger yachts in which lovers of aquatic pleasures skim the seas, and it often happens that persons of this latter class are interested spectators of the amateur exploits on the waters of the park.

THE OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. RICHARDS.—[SEE PAGE 303.]

THE RECTOR OF ST. MAMMON'S.

BY ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.



moonlit street below, for the hour was late, and the great metropolis was almost at rest.

Crittenden put aside the bulky manuscript over which he had been laboring for hours, and lay back in his big arm-chair with a sigh of relief. It was perfect at last—his sermon for the morrow. There was no word out of place, no halcy sentence, no break in the literary veneer, and the whole seemed fixed unalterably in his memory. The effort was to be his first as the rector of the fashionable St. Mammon's Church in Fifth Avenue, and he meant that it should be worthy of him. So much depended upon his making a good impression at the start, he had wisely reasoned, that he could not do less than the best of which he was capable.

Now, as he somewhat wearily pushed the manuscript aside and ran his fingers reflectively through his long hair, he felt satisfied with his work. His text had been well chosen, and his treatment of it not only powerful but erudite and scholarly. This last was a matter of course, for Crittenden himself was erudite and scholarly.

Why should he *not* be satisfied with himself, and at peace with all the world? Was he not on the eve of the fulfillment of his life-long ambition? He felt success already within his grasp. He understood his powers and acknowledged no limitations. He was favored at all points, and his opportunity was of the sort that begets greatness.

Fortune had indeed been very kind to Henry Crittenden. Now, as he sat alone in the silence of the night, happy in the consciousness of duty done, and in the anticipation of the triumph on the morrow that should mark a new era in his career, his thoughts drifted back over the years which had witnessed his struggle and rise.

He had not had an altogether pleasant time of it until his marriage. From that event dated his success. By a fortuitous circumstance he had won a lovely girl whose family belonged to the inner circle of metropolitan society, and whose wealth and name gave him fame and influence. It was through her that he had secured the call to the rectorship of St. Mammon's. Before this gift of good fortune had been bestowed upon him he had been pastor of a little church in a New Jersey town much frequented by New-Yorkers in the summer time. It was there that he had met and won Helen Clavering.

Now, while yet under thirty-five, he was on the threshold of the success of which he had dreamed. His past should be forgotten, the old life put behind him, and to the luxury of the new existence he should bring the devotion of his whole nature.

His past! Ah, there were many things in it to forget. Ghosts of old sins stalked before his eyes, and in the flames he could see a pure, sweet face, whose accusing looks sent a shudder through his frame. Well, conscience should never trouble him again. He had been no worse than other men, and why should he suffer more? She who slept below stairs had implicit faith in him, and he proposed that by his conduct and personality that faith should be communicated to all others with whom chance or duty brought him in contact in his broad, new field of labor. "Brilliant, eloquent, and fashionable"—those were the adjectives he longed to hear in connection with his name; and what could possibly prevent the realization of this ambition?

Was not the skeleton in his closet safely locked in, and the key in his own secret possession? Who in all the world had eyes to penetrate the sacred robes of the minister of God, and read the hypocrisy, the cold ambition, the living guilt in the heart of the man? Who was there to rise up before the world and tell the story of those dead sins, the meaning of those reproachful looks on the face in the flames?

He had no fear of such exposure; there was but one who knew these things, and she was not to be feared, now. When he had stood before the altar at the side of Helen Clavering he had awaited with trembling the words: "If there be any among you who know just cause why this man should not take this woman to be his

lawful wife, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace"; but *she* had uttered no word, and why should she speak at this late day? She had forgotten, if not forgiven, by this time. Besides, she might be thousands of miles away, for all he knew.

She had understood him—she of all the world had known him for what he was, and she must have despised him. It was his cloth that had saved him, perhaps, just as it was his cloth that had inspired her faith in the promises he had failed to keep. Doubtless she did not credit him, in the end, even with good intentions toward her, for certainly his actions had not indicated the truth of a single declaration he had made; but if she had known how he suffered!

Remorse? Well, he would hardly designate his agony of mind that. To be quite honest with himself, he was not the man to suffer remorse for anything which did not result disastrously to his ambition. His suffering arose from the necessity of renouncing her that he might rise to power and fame by union with another. For he had loved her; selfish and hypocrite as he was, he had loved her. Was she not worthy of any man's adoration? Had she a single fault save poverty? But he had marked out his career, and when the critical hour came he required but little time to decide between love and obscurity, and fame and wealth.

As for Helen, she had never even so much as suspected. He had acted his part well, and he did not talk in his sleep. She was a fair, *spirituelle* woman, who knew little of the world and its ways. She idolized him, and had she been told that she was not loved in return she would have shown her pretty teeth in a broad smile.

It had afforded her immeasurable gratification to elevate him and "give his talents to the world," as she said. Not that she assumed to herself the credit of his "discovery," and held him in bonds for favors received; she had given freely, unstintedly, of all that she had, just as she had given herself, for love of him, and with no other thought than the promotion of their mutual happiness.

So, with his masterpiece of religious oratory complete before him, and confident in the belief that the morrow would mark a glorious epoch of his life, Crittenden was satisfied, if not actually happy. He was through with trouble now; his bark had reached the open sea of prosperity, and he should let the dead past bury its dead.

He walked to the window and threw it open and drew in long breaths of the fresh air. The Sabbath had already begun. A clock in a neighboring steeple struck twice and warned him to sleep. From below came no sound but the tread of a solitary policeman on his beat.

II.

ST. MAMMON'S Church was one of the wealthiest in New York, and its congregation was largely composed of people who attended the service more for the purpose of showing their Parisian gowns, apparently, than for Biblical instruction and divine worship. Pews were subscribed for and reserved like opera-boxes, and strangers who entered the sacred portals of the great brown edifice were compelled to take their spiritual refreshment standing near the entrance. There was also a choir of professional singers, who usually disappeared during the sermon, presumably to pass the intermission from duty reading the newspapers and gossiping in an ante-room.

On the Sunday that witnessed the inaugural of the Reverend Mr. Crittenden as rector of St. Mammon's the church was crowded. A few of the regular members had heard his trial sermon, and had lauded him to their friends, and all were anxious to see how he would handle himself on this the first day of his rectorship. His predecessor had been somewhat of an old fogey, tedious and altogether too religious to suit St. Mammon's congregation; so the change in favor of youth and modernness came as a relief, and naturally had the effect of exciting much interest among the church's constituents.

As Crittenden advanced from the little dressing-room, where he had donned his holy vestments, the choir was singing an anthem to the accompaniment of the great organ, whose sonorous tones seemed to peal forth through all space and fill the world with praise of God.

He had been slightly nervous before, but under the music's influence he felt a blessed peace in his heart, and the strength and confidence of one sustained by higher hands.

As he strode impressively into the pulpit he gave one glance at the long rows of upturned

faces before him, and recognized Helen in one of the front pews, with her eyes fixed upon him in loving admiration and pride, and with a happy smile on her lips. There was nothing in her face indicative of anxiety; her faith in him was too great to preconceive the possibility of his failure.

There was a sudden rustling of gowns and an audible murmur throughout the holy place as the audience craned forward to get a good look at the new rector. The strong, impassive face and the commanding figure appeared to please them, and with another audible murmur and rustling of silks they sank back in their cushioned seats and waited expectantly.

The music died away, and Crittenden raised his hands supplicatingly, turned his face toward heaven, and prayed. His voice, resonant and powerful, penetrated to the far corners of the building, and impressed his hearers with his earnestness.

An instant of silence followed his deep "Amen," and then from the choir loft came a burst of melody, in a clear, sweet soprano, that thrilled and transfixed every hearer.

Miss Madeline Julian had begun her regular Sunday-morning solo.

For two months Miss Julian, who was a professional singer employed at a high salary, had delighted the audiences of St. Mammon's Church with her wonderful voice. No other church in Fifth Avenue could boast of such a superb soprano. The purity and strength of her tones made her marvelous in the eyes of even musical critics.

As Crittenden listened to her song his heart gave a great bound and he felt his whole frame quiver with an uncontrollable weakness. He would have recognized that voice if he had heard it in heaven or in hell.

He sank into the chair provided for his use, and covered his eyes with his hand. At that moment he was as helpless as an infant. There was a roaring and a rushing in his ears like the falling of mighty waters, which drowned the music that had pierced him to the heart with a pain as keen as a poniard's point. His breath came hard and he felt suffocated.

He had little dreamed that Fate had such a surprise in store for him; that at the very moment of his triumph he was to be ruined at a blow. Ruined! Did a woman singing ruin him? Though that woman was Grace Darian, what did it signify? As long as she did not *speak* he was safe.

But the shock, the terrible surprise of her presence there, had completely unnerved him. What was she doing there? How did she come there? A professional singer she, hired as he was hired, of course. That was natural enough. And yet what strange mischance that she should be in *his* church, and on this day! He remembered now her beautiful voice, and, too, how indignant she had been when some one had suggested to her to go on the operatic stage. Had he driven her into a public career?

Had she known that he was the new rector? Had she plotted this terrible surprise by way of revenge? Had she seen him? Was she looking at him now? How could she sing so divinely when the man who had wrecked her life, whom she must loathe as a reptile is loathed, was within sound of her voice, and, as a matter of course, uppermost in her mind? What must she think of him, standing there in his sacred robes, posing as a great moralist and expounder of the Gospel?

Perhaps he was mistaken, after all. But no, that was impossible. Her voice was so identical with her own nature, pure and sweet, he knew it as he knew his own existence. He did not need to look at her; her angelic face was ineffaceably stamped on his memory. Sleeping or waking, he had seen it thousands of times since the day of his perfidy. Only last night he had beheld it in the flames, reproachful, scornful, threatening; and last night he had sworn never to think of her again!

He had loved her—he loved her now. It was to this that his agony was chiefly due. If he could crush that love of his life out of his heart, and look her in the eyes and defy her to do her worst! But he could not. He had tried hard to forget her, to make mockery of her memory, for a long three years; but the perfume of her lips clung to him and fired his blood, and at times almost maddened him. It was this undying adoration of her that made his sense of guilt so overpowering, that made him at this moment, at the crisis of his career, a pitiful mental wreck.

All at once he became aware that the song was done, and that his audience was waiting for him to speak. There was a deadly silence over all. He raised his eyes and met the encouraging smile of Helen. It gave him strength, and he rose and opened the Scriptures. What was his text? He remembered it with difficulty. What was the noble poem with which he intended to open his discourse? He could not think of a line of it. If he only had his manuscript! But he had been so confident of readily recalling every word of it that he had scorned

to bring it to the pulpit. In lieu of his manuscript one moment in which to collect himself would have saved him; but that moment was not his.

He struggled over words and phrases with difficulty. He scarcely knew what he said. He felt like a doomed man. He dared not look again at Helen, but he felt that she was aghast. The cold sweat started on his forehead, and his voice trembled and broke. In his ears the voice of Grace Darian was saying: "This is my revenge. I was patient, and at last my time came. How I rejoice to see you suffer. How I gloat over your misery! Farewell to all your ambition. You are disgraced! You are disgraced!"

By a superhuman effort he proceeded, and rambled on to the end.

When it was all over, and the congregation began pushing its way to the street, he seemed to awake from a hideous dream.

As he passed dejectedly from the chancel he was conscious that the choir loft was unoccupied except by the organist.

III.

ALL the afternoon Crittenden sat moody and silent in his study. Helen came to him, but he begged her not to speak and to go away.

As evening approached a servant knocked at the door and informed him that a lady wished to see him in the reception-room.

At first he thought of refusing to go down, but on second impulse he descended the stairs and went in to his visitor.

As he entered the room she advanced to meet him with extended hand.

"Surely you have not forgotten an old friend," she said, smiling familiarly.

He took her hand and looked steadily, almost stolidly, into her face. It was Grace Darian—the Madeline Julian of the choir.

No, it was not Grace Darian—it was Madeline Julian. Even in the poor light he could see that she had changed even as her name had changed. She was garishly attired, and there was that in her look and manner that told of the fatal contact of the world.

He was staggered, but his calmness did not forsake him. He was too benumbed by the experiences of the day to be sensible to even the touch of her hand now, whereas the sound of her voice had overcome him a few hours before.

"No, I have not forgotten you," he said. "I am glad you have come."

She seated herself complacently and touched a dainty handkerchief to her lips.

"I couldn't put off calling at the rectory another day," she exclaimed. "I was so surprised to learn that you were to be the new rector. I enjoyed your sermon this morning ever so much. Did you think I sang well?"

Crittenden crossed the room and closed the door by which he had entered.

"Very well indeed," he replied, without knowing what he said. He turned abruptly and faced his visitor again. "Have you anything er—unpleasant to say to me, Grace?" he asked.

She gazed at him an instant as if failing to understand his meaning, and then laughed.

"You are apprehensive regarding old scores," she said. "Well, you *did* treat me rather shabbily, and I was pretty sore over it for a time. But pshaw! What's the use of cherishing grudges? I forgot and forgave you long ago, Henry. I've seen a good deal of the world since that time, and you did only what any man would have done, I suppose. So don't be afraid that I'm here to rake you over the coals. Life's too short. I want to see you make a hit here in New York. I've done it, as you can see for yourself. Funny that we should be in the same church again, isn't it?"

Crittenden caught his breath and supported himself by leaning against a chair. So this was the woman he had loved, for whom he had suffered, who had unmanned him in his hour of success. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"Can it be that I am responsible for this?" he asked himself. "We cannot be in the same church," he said, after a pause. "I am going to leave New York."

"What?" the woman exclaimed. "Don't you like it here? I noticed you seemed rather out of sorts this morning. You'll like the city when you get used to it, I'm sure. What's that you say? We can't be in the same church? Surely you're not bad friends with me?"

She got up and went over to him and placed her hand on his arm.

"I saw your wife this morning," she said in a low tone. "She's so-so only. You're not very happy, I take it. I think you were really fond of me in the old days, weren't you? Will you come to see me now, sometimes? I think you will like New York if you will only stay here a while. I must go now. I only came in for a moment. I know Sunday's not a day for callers. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," he replied, mechanically.

He walked with her to the door, and again shook her hand.

"Good-bye," she said again.

"Good-bye," he answered.

When she was gone he drew a deep sigh, either of relief or of grief, and stood perfectly still a long time. Then through the gathering darkness of the hall he walked until he came to Helen's room. She was waiting for him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"I am going to send in my resignation as rector of St. Mammon's," he said, with forced composure. "I believe I have the heart disease, and an immediate return to the country is essential to me. You won't mind, will you?"

"I would be happy with you anywhere," she replied, embracing him.

And thus had Henry Crittenden paid the price.

The Career of Senator

John P. Jones.

(Continued from front page.)

"Twenty Years in Congress" you would not have made the mistake. He says there that I was a welcome guest in Washington homes. He would hardly have said that if I had been using his knives as you said I had."

One reason why Senator Jones has met almost uniform courtesy and kindness at the hands of newspapers is that he is uniformly courteous and kind to newspaper men. He does not gush over them, as some public men do, for purposes of policy. But when he has any information which he can give to them he gives it freely, and when he has not he says so promptly and pleasantly. He is one of the best story-tellers in Washington. He can tell stories of his own experiences enough to fill a large book, and his active mind finds apt illustration often in most remote and unpromising material. He was arguing with a distinguished Democrat some years ago that the Republican party had not become a party of self-interest—that it was a party of broad and generous principles—and he told the following story to illustrate it. Out in Nevada there was a lively interest in the campaign of 1868. In one town there promised to be a close contest. A Republican speaker took the platform and said to an assembled crowd: "Gentlemen, I understand that we have in our town jail an eminent actor—a gentleman who possesses the power of making up his face in hundreds of ways, each so different from the other that they do not look as though they belonged to the same man. I propose, gentlemen, that we take this eminent actor from the hands of the sheriff and vote him in every precinct of this town for U. S. Grant." The proposition was agreed to, the sheriff gladly surrendered the prisoner, and the crowd voted him all over the town. Near the close of the day the actor said: "Gentlemen, you have carried me for U. S. Grant by about seventy-three votes. I now ask as a personal favor that you will permit me to go to the polls in this last precinct and vote for the man of my personal choice, Horatio Seymour." And the Senator said the Republican party was broad-minded and generous enough to let him cast his seventy-fourth vote for Seymour.

The man to whom Senator Jones gave this illustration of the magnanimity of the Republican party was Horatio Seymour himself.

Senator Jones has done more to defend the much-abused name of Nevada than any one else could possibly do. That unfortunate State has been known for so many years as "the rotten borough" that it is pretty hard to convince any one that there is any honesty in elections there. The Senator denies flatly that elections are bought in Nevada. He says that it costs a great deal of money to carry an election in that State, because its communities are so widely scattered. The Senator himself is an illustration of the fact that a man can be elected to the Senate in Nevada without the qualification of being a millionaire; for it is commonly believed in Washington that on two occasions when Mr. Jones was re-elected to the Senate he was in the condition known as "flat broke." As he has made five fortunes and lost four, it is not at all unlikely that he was in the transition state between two of them at the time he came up for re-election. But there is little doubt that if he needed assistance at such a time he could have had it from any of his millionaire friends. It was a matter of common report when Mr. Stewart was last elected from Nevada that he was too poor to pay the expenses of his election, and that the late Senator Stanford helped him out.

Senator Jones does not deny that large sums of money are spent on elections in Nevada. The candidate must pay speakers and organizers for their services. The traveling expenses of these speakers are very heavy. And finally, the most expensive feature of a campaign is the man who is "hard up," and who wants to borrow a hundred or so until he can make another "strike." The man who wants to borrow "a hundred" is very common in mining communities. Senator Jones has a great many thousand dollars lent without interest in his State.

Some of it will come back to him; some of it will not. But if he were to lose his fortune tomorrow he could borrow the last cent from any one of the men who now borrow from him. It is simply one of the features of life in the far West. And it is more conspicuous at election time than at any other, because the candidate for election comes into contact with more of his friends at that time.

One of Senator Jones's stories is about his experience with the professional voter in Nevada. One of his organizers came to him one day in his first campaign and said that no arrangement had been made to vote "stiffs." He explained that "stiffs" were people who had died or who had moved without changing their registration. The Senator said that he did not want to vote dead men.

"It'll cost a good deal more to keep the other fellows from voting 'em," said the organizer. "We can vote 'em all easy before nine o'clock; but we'll have to keep watch all day to keep the other fellows from voting 'em."

The Senator said that he preferred the more honest method, even if it was the more expensive, so a man was put on watch in each precinct. Toward the end of the day a man attempted to vote in the Ninth Ward in the name of John Donovan.

"I challenge that vote," said Mr. Jones's representative.

"On what ground?" said one of the judges.

"On the ground of non-residence," said the challenger. "John Donovan died in the Fourth Ward and was buried in the Third six months ago."

This story has been retold a number of times, the scene being laid in almost every State in the Union, and it may seem familiar to some. But the original story was told by Mr. Jones as I have given it. Another story of the Senator which has had a great vogue for many years, and which will be recognized by any old poker player, is the story of the man playing cards in the mining camp where a player had to watch every movement of his opponents or be cheated. One of the players came home in a most unpleasant condition from the dropping of tobacco-juice on his beard and his clothing, and his wife found fault with his appearance. "Couldn't you turn your head when you had to get rid of the tobacco-juice?" she said. "Not in that game, my dear," was the reply. Senator Jones used to tell this story on himself. It has been told on many other people since he first put it into circulation.

Senator Jones saw a good deal of the rough life of the forty-niner. He left Cleveland when he was nineteen years old and went all the way to California in a sailing-vessel. His brother (who is now dead) went with him. The vessel was a three-hundred-ton schooner called the *Maria Andrews*. She was nine months making the cruise, and the only ports at which she stopped were Rio de Janeiro and Valparaiso. They made a good long stop at each of these places, and the Jones boys, who had a letter of introduction from their uncle, Governor Todd, of Ohio, had a very good time. At San Francisco the future Senator went to work for the collector of the port; and it was pretty rough work, too. He did not stick to it long. He went out prospecting and did placer-mining all over the Comstock region. He was made superintendent of the Crown Point Mine, became interested in it, and finally made a fortune out of it before the Comstock bonanza developed. He had already gone into politics, and had been made sheriff of Trinity County, and afterward State Senator.

Mr. Jones had some lively experiences as a Western sheriff, and some livelier ones in his California days. He is a fatalist, and he believes that "luck" has stood by him all through his life. He had a lively experience with the Indians when he was twenty-three years old. A party of twenty whites was ambushed and seven of them were shot down. Three were killed, but the other four were carried by their companions to a place of safety. Mr. Jones carried one of the wounded men on his back. The thirteen men who were unhurt constructed a rude defense and remained there waiting for assistance which did not come. Finally one of their number was sent for aid. He did not return, and in desperation the others proposed to draw lots to see who would go after him. Jones volunteered to make the trip, and he left everything behind him but a flannel shirt and a pair of trousers. Then, with every chance against him, crawling through the woods in the darkness, he made his way through the line of three hundred Indians which surrounded him, and met a rescuing party just coming to the aid of himself and his companions.

The amount which Senator Jones made in the Crown Point Mine has been estimated at ten million dollars, and from that up to nineteen million dollars. He was reputed to be worth five million dollars when he came to the Senate in 1872. He lost that, it is said, in some speculations with Senator Stewart. And he lost a great deal of money in a seaside resort which

he tried to establish on the Pacific coast, and in a Turkish-bath establishment in San Francisco. He made a great deal of money in mines in Nevada and Idaho and lost it all again. One of his investments was in some stock which he bought for a small sum and which went up to 220; but the mine gave out, and in a few days the stock was almost worthless. The Senator's latest investments are in the gold mines of Douglas Island, Alaska. He still has interests in Nevada and Idaho, but his chief income is from his Alaska mines. They have made a millionaire of him again. He owns a ranch in California, and his home is at Gold Hill, Nevada. But he spends most of his time in Washington.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Senator Jones's views on the silver question, and his fidelity to the white metal, are well known to the country. He is easily the leader of the silver forces. In a recent interview he expressed himself as follows concerning the political outlook, and the relation of the silver issue to it:

"The question of silver in politics is a big one. Silver stands in a unique position. It has passed beyond a political issue, and has become a principle for which the poor and laboring classes are making a fight. It is a fight for emancipation from the gold system which is sucking the life out of the poor as much as was the fight of 1776 against England's tyranny for similar relief. It is bound to come, and the masses will outnumber the capitalists."

"I think that in 1896 the greatest fight that the country has ever seen will be made to secure recognition for silver. The people are not organized as a silver party, but each one feels his wrongs individually, and the united vote will be tremendous. The question is whether there will be a distinctive silver party in the field at the next election. It depends upon the attitude of the old parties. No candidate that has been named by the old parties will completely satisfy the West unless such candidate takes a clear stand on the silver issue and defines his ambiguous and gold-fraught utterances of the past. Mr. Sibley has been named as a candidate on a silver ticket in the next campaign. Mr. Sibley does not wish to run, and will withdraw quickly if either of the old parties makes satisfactory concessions to silver. But if they do not he will enter the field, and no candidate that has ever run on an independent ticket before has ever had the following that will be his. Silver ignored means the birth of a new party. A new party means defeat or disorganization for the old parties. We believe and hope that the Republican or the Democratic party will recognize us, and then the formation of a new party will not be necessary. The tidal wave that carried Grover Cleveland into the White House was a protest against hard times, for which the Republican party was blamed. The election of last fall was a similar protest, only that Democratic mismanagement was scored. The vote of 1896 will be a repetition of this. The people swing in a mass to a creed that promises relief. The silver party promises such relief, and the vote in 1896 for silver will startle the country and be a decisive demonstration of the following that silver has in this country."

The Kingfisher.

A flash of blue and a guttural cry,
And I see a kingfisher dashing by;
A sudden splash and a surge of foam,
And he bears a fish to his sand-bank home.

Listen again for that loud, harsh noise,
And watch him over a calm pool poise;
Then with a weird, enticing scream,
Beckoning on for a race up stream.

Through the mists where the cascades fall
The halcyon lures with his fearless call,
And then he laughs from a willow bough,
As much as to say, "Where are you now?"

With his breast of white and his belt of blue,
He waits an admiring glance from you;
Then off and away with a mocking cry—
A flash of blue on an April sky.

HENRY KALLOCH ROWE.

An American

Artist Honored.

THE opening of the Salon of the Champs de Mars, which occurred a fortnight since, was an event of special interest to Americans, for the reason that it was made the occasion of a compliment to this country. In other words, for the first time in the history of the *Nouveau Salon* a foreign artist has been allotted an entire section for the exhibition of his works; and that foreign artist happens to be John A. Lafarge, of New York, painter in oils and water-color, mural decorator and stained-glass designer—now that Inness has gone over to the majority, in every sense the Grand Old Man of American art.

I use this term advisedly, for, although Lafarge is the son of French parents, he was born in New York City, and has lived here the greater part of his life. His early struggles—barring a few years' tuition under Thomas Couture in Paris—and his subsequent triumphs all belong to the artistic history of the American metropolis. His great talents might have brought recognition and success at a much earlier stage of his career (as was the case with Whistler, Julius Stuart, Bridgman, and others),

had he abandoned his birth-place for the art centres of Europe. But he preferred to remain at home, and the compliment he has just received at the hands of his French *confrères* is therefore all the more marked. In art matters the French are still somewhat Chauvinistic. They seldom "care to wander from their own fireside," to paraphrase a popular song, when it is a question of lionizing any one. It must be a case of extraordinary merit that would direct their attention across the broad expanse of the Atlantic.

John A. Lafarge was first brought into actual touch with the art world of Paris by the painter Cazin, whose exhibition of paintings at the American art galleries in New York last spring will be remembered by all art lovers of the metropolis. Cazin is one of the foremost lights of the *Nouveau Salon*, and when Mr. Lafarge visited Paris in the fall he organized a banquet in his honor. Numerous artistic celebrities participated in this affair, Puvis de Chavannes, James Tissot, Carolus Duran, Rodin, among others, and the proceedings were brought to a fitting close by the formal invitation to the guest of the evening to exhibit his work at the coming *salon*.

An entire section, as above stated, was placed at his disposal, and is now filled with the fruits of many years of his labor. Unfortunately the work for which he will be best known to posterity, the noble mural decorations, altar-pieces, and painted windows, have no place in the collection, since there was no means of transporting them across the ocean. The *tout Paris* will therefore judge of his art alone from a few specious stained glass and the charming oil and water-color paintings he brought back with him from his trip to Japan and the South Pacific islands. But surely painter never reveled in more grateful subjects than such as are offered by those favored regions—Tahiti, that pearl of the ocean, Samoa, Fiji, and the wondrous archipelago extending almost to the shores of the Australian continent. Lafarge has pictured those scenes with true artistic feeling, evincing the warmest sympathy with his subject. His Tahitian views and character studies will be sure to interest the Paris public, since Tahiti is a French colony, and has been visited oft and again by Gallic artists.

Mr. Lafarge is exactly sixty years of age. Until 1876 he was known as an aquarellist and an illustrator of books and magazines. In that year, however, he received a commission from the trustees of Trinity Church, Boston, for the decoration of the chancel of that edifice, and his successful execution of the same brought in numerous orders of a like nature. His principal religious paintings are in the churches of St. Thomas, of the Incarnation, and of the Ascension in New York. His stained-glass windows decorate Trinity Church, Boston, Trinity Church, Buffalo, and a church in Methuen, Massachusetts. He is also the painter of the celebrated Ames memorial window at North Easton, Massachusetts, and of the Crerar memorial window in Chicago. It should be said that Mr. Lafarge is the pioneer both of mural and stained-glass decoration in this country.

The illustration on another page shows a corner of Mr. Lafarge's studio, the painter posed in his usual attitude when resting, his Japanese body-servant, Awoki, standing by.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

Spring in Central Park.

No better evidence that the winter is over and past and spring has come is afforded anywhere than is furnished by the renewal of outdoor diversions in Central Park, the great playground of the metropolis. The trees have barely begun to rustle and shiver with awakening life, and the grass to mantle the broad spaces with green, before old and young seek the familiar haunts in the park, from which the rigors of winter have excluded them, and lawn and lake begin to resound again with the glee-some chatter of merry-makers. A favorite amusement among the young is boating on the lakes, and while the amount of nautical skill displayed by juvenile navigators is not always of the highest, the enjoyment is no doubt just as great as that of the expert yachtsmen scouring the broadest seas. Indeed, many persons of the latter class are frequently spectators of the exploits of the miniature boats, many of which are as perfect in design as the bigger ones which have international fame. Who can tell but that the amateurs who sail their tiny craft on the land-locked waters of the park may some day become defenders of the America's Cup, or achieve distinction in the races of the New York Yacht Club squadron? This, however, is not the only diversion of the children; there are others in which they enthusiastically engage, and one can find few more enjoyable spectacles anywhere than are presented in the bright spring days in these play-grounds of the people. Our illustrations elsewhere admirably depict the scenes which may be witnessed there daily during the spring and summer.



GEORGE H. DANIELS AND PAUL SMITH.
Drawn from a photograph by Hemment.



A DINNER ON TROUT POND.
Photograph by John S. Harrington.



AT BARTLET'S CARRY.
Copyright photograph by S. R. Stoddard.



EMBARCKING FOR A CRUISE.
Photograph by Hemment.



ADIRONDACK SURVEY CAMP, NEAR LONG LAKE.
Copyright photograph by S. R. Stoddard.



INDIAN HEAD, LOWER AUSABLE LAKE.
Copyright photograph by S. R. Stoddard.



LOWER AUSABLE LAKE.
Copyright photograph by S. R. Stoddard.



ON THE TRAIL.
Photograph by John S. Harrington.



ARTISTS' FALLS, KEENE VALLEY.
Copyright photograph by S. R. Stoddard.



BARTLETT'S CARRY.
Photograph by S. R. Stoddard.



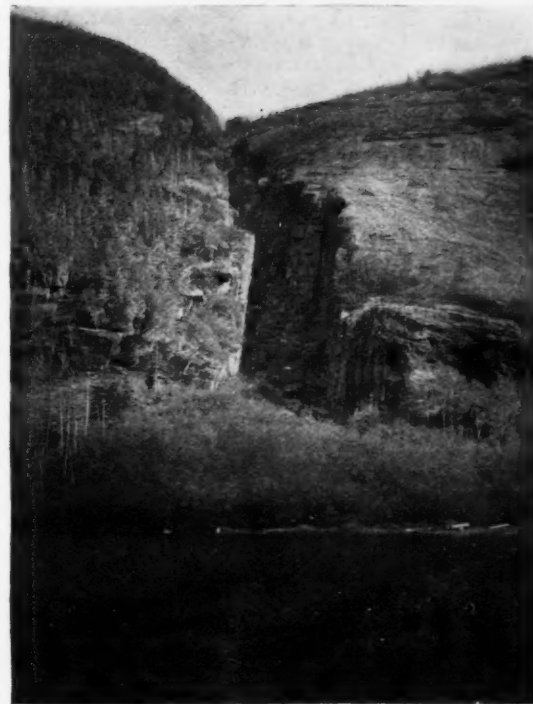
ENTRANCE FROM THIRD INTO FOURTH LAKE, FULTON CHAIN.
Photograph by Hemment.



GUIDE COOKING DINNER.
Photograph by John S. Harrington.



THE TALLY-HO.
Photograph by Hemment.



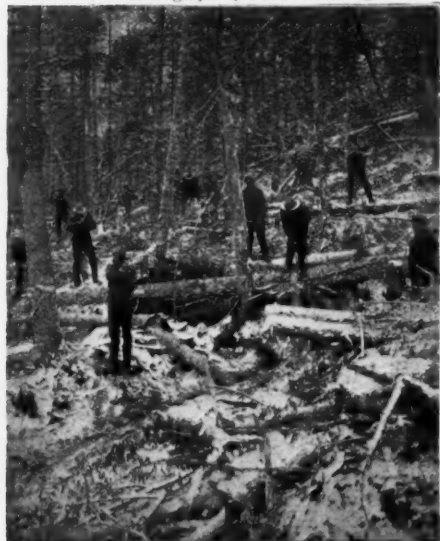
TRAP DIKE, AVALANCHE LAKE.
Copyright photograph by S. R. Stoddard.



VACATION OVER—STARTING FOR HOME.
Photograph by John S. Harrington.



BOG RIVER FALLS, TUPPER LAKE.
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LUMBERING.
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HAQUETTE LAKE.
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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—WHAT IS IT?

If the testimony of several thousand New-Yorkers, and of more than one hundred thousand residents of the United States is to be believed, the most astounding discovery of modern times has been made by Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, of Massachusetts, and its subtle but tremendous consequences are gradually and secretly changing the spiritual and physical constitution of civilized mankind. One of these consequences is the spread of that singular religion called Christian Science. Another is the erection in such cities as Boston of expensive and beautiful churches, like the one a picture of which is printed in this issue. Yet another is the leasing and regular Sunday occupation of such enormous audience-rooms as that of the Chicago Auditorium for the dissemination of the new doctrine and the accommodation of its enthusiastic believers. Still another, and one of the most interesting of these consequences, is the conversion to this belief of many men and women of education and intelligence, such as readily warrant their friends in supposing them superior to the vagrant attractions of latter-day fanaticisms. Perhaps the greatest result is the fact that Catholic and Protestant must alike recognize in the United States the existence of a new form of religious belief which, while distinctly disavowing hostility to either of them, threatens to dispute with them for the spiritual dominion over man.

The best brief definition of this discovery and of the Christian Science creed based upon it seems to be the following, furnished for this purpose by Carol Norton, assistant pastor of the First Church of Christ Scientist of New York City:

"Christian Science is a system of religious teaching based upon the spiritually scientific discovery, by Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, in Massachusetts, in 1866, 'that all Causation is Mind and every effect a mental phenomenon.' Its foundation is Biblical, and its teachings give the spiritual interpretation of the words and life of Jesus Christ, 'with signs following,' i. e., the healing of sin and bodily disease. This healing is not accomplished through what is known as faith or prayer cure, mind cure, hypnotism, suggestive therapeutics, magnetism or theosophy; but through the same rational, spiritual law demonstrated by Jesus and the early Church, till A. D. 300. In 1890, one Christian Science treatment instantaneously healed me of a severe complication of organic and functional troubles, that the best medical skill failed to cure. This convinced me of its great power, and led to an investigation of its teachings, which thoroughly proved to me that it is both Christian and Scientific. As a Religion it is growing rapidly among people of thought, and bears to a needy world glad tidings of health, happiness and holiness. Its Text Book is 'Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures' (now in its ninety-third edition of a thousand copies each), by Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science.

"It refutes pantheism, and all material theories which claim that Man, the image of God, is the product of animal growth. It stands for Christian Monotheism and against Ditheism, hence it declares the eternal reality of Mind and consequent unreality of matter; the Omnipotence of Good, as the One God, and the impotent and temporal nature of evil."

A composite explanation and description of the essence of Christian Science and of the circumstances surrounding the discovery on which it is based—composite because made up from interviews with a number of the workers of the movement—is as follows: Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, who was herself a doctor, sustained a severe accident about the year 1860, and having been told by her physician that death would shortly ensue, declared as he left her that she wished to see her pastor. While lying in her bed awaiting his arrival she opened her Bible, and this thought came into her mind: "My life is a manifestation of the divine Life from which I derive all physical and moral health. Therefore my life should be beyond the reach of accident, as the divine Life is." The moment that Mrs. Eddy realized this thought a physical change took place in her—that is, a change which others than Christian Scientists call physical; she ceased to suffer from the accident which had so recently threatened her immediate dissolution, and walked down stairs to her family, having been thus marvelously and instantaneously healed. An investigation of the causes which led to this healing, and to the processes by which it was accomplished, in her mind, resulted in the announcement by Mrs. Eddy to the world of Christian Science, and the publication by her of a book called "Science and Health," which is, next to the Bible, the text-book of the new creed. Since this announcement, and the consequent beginning of the formation of Christian Science churches, about twenty-five years have elapsed. In those twenty-five years, it is averred, more people have been convinced of the truth of Christian Science than had been converted to the Christian religion in the quarter of a century following the consummation of Christ's work.

The pastors of the Christian Science movement in New York City are: Rev. Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D., pastor of the First Church of Christ Scientist, whose services are held on Sunday in Scottish Rite Hall, Twenty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, and Carol Norton, assistant pastor; Mrs. Laura Lathrop, C. S. D., pastor of the Second Church of Christ Scientist, whose services are held in Hodgson Hall, 2 East Forty-fifth Street. Mrs. Lathrop is an exceedingly clever woman. Her story of her own conversion is a marvelous one, and she has almost convinced me that she believes everything she says, whether from iteration or from original conviction.

Mrs. Lathrop has written for me these definitions: "Healing is done in Christian Science through the understanding of man's relation to God. Christian Science makes God supreme and man one with Christ in him. Christian Science neither personalizes Deity nor deifies personality."

Before Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson became a Christian Science preacher she was a successful lecturer, and it is said enjoyed the friendship of Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes. She is an able woman and a good elocutionist. While she was quite young she traveled extensively in India, South America, and on the continent. She afterward studied at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, of which Mrs. Eddy was the head, and since that time she has devoted herself to Christian Science.

The First Church of Christ Scientist, of which Mrs. Stetson is now pastor, was organized November 26th, 1887, and was incorporated December 29th, 1887. It started with twenty members, and its congregations now fairly fill the church edifice known as Scottish Rite Hall.

The following extracts are from a lecture recently delivered by Dr. A. A. Sulzer, of Riverside, California, before the regular quarterly meeting of the Riverside County Medical Society: "For myself, I wish to say that I have found the study of ever-increasing interest, satisfaction, and profit, and I have seen many proofs of the efficacy of its principles in the treatment of disease; thousands rejoice to-day in their freedom from maladies previously pronounced incurable by the most skillful physicians, and are living witnesses to the higher power. As the morning sun lights up the mountain-tops before the lower hills and plains have felt its refulgent rays, so these truths were first caught by the spiritual heights of a rare nature, but the lower hills and valleys are now feeling the beneficent influence of the rays which first lighted Reverend Mary Baker Eddy, and I do not feel like disputing the profoundest belief of Christian Scientists that it will yet illumine the entire human race."

Dr. Brown, of West Twenty-fifth Street, New York City, says on the subject: "Christian Science alone revealed to me the mystery of the origin of disease in its teaching that it germinates in the lower substratum of the human mind, i. e. the unconscious thought." In the same vein of thought Professor William James, M. D., of Harvard University, though not a Christian Scientist, says in speaking of Christian Science healing: "Their facts are patent and startling, and anything that interferes with the multiplication of such facts, and with our freest opportunity of observing and studying them, will, I believe, be a public calamity."

Now hear the other side. Dr. Landon Carter Gray is considered the leading physician of New York City in all matters pertaining to the mind and nerves. His reputation is international. I have asked him for an expression of opinion upon the Christian Science and he has given it as follows:

"Until the world is brought to a uniform degree of civilization there will be evidence of hereditary savagery and atavistic superstition remaining in full force in most members of a community except its scientific men. The Christian Science and Faith Cure represent those lower orders of civilization. I believe them a serious menace to the public weal. Science is imperfect enough anyway without being harassed by the quackery of people who get themselves into a state of ecstasy and then imagine they can disdain medical science; whereas the most important thing for a sick man to know is when to seek relief and where to seek it. Dependence upon subjective help may often delay his recourse to scientific sources until it is too late. Now the Christian Scientists depend upon the subjective aid. Their whole armamentarium is the stimulating influence of the imagination, or the force of suggestion as we hear of it in hypnotism. Undoubtedly suggestion can remove many imaginary symptoms in impressionable individuals, but it could not possibly affect or modify any organic disease of the body. There is no harm in praying over a

sore throat if it isn't diphtheria, but if it is diphtheria the prayer which delays instant recourse to medical skill is criminal. Proper sprays and medication will cure an ordinary sore throat, but nothing else will cure it. Mind-healers are utterly ignorant of the beginnings of disease. And to conceal that fact they take an ordinary cold and scare the patient or his friends into the idea that it is diphtheria. They then make a great boast, the cold having been cured in an ordinary way, or Nature herself having cured it, that they have 'cured diphtheria,' whereas, as a matter of fact, there was no diphtheria to cure! Said a patient to her physician, once on a time: 'Oh, Dr. X. is a wonderful man. Why, he can cure diphtheria.' And to her Dr. Y. replied: 'Why, madam, I never permit my patients to have diphtheria.' It is my deliberate opinion that Christian Science healing and mind cures, as so practiced, should absolutely be prohibited by law."

"When doctors differ" a layman has a chance to find out the truth. When doctors agree, who shall decide? JOHN P. BOCK.

The New Christian Scientist Church in Boston.

THE mother church of Christian Science, which was dedicated January 10th, is just completed. It stands in a retired part of the Back Bay district of Boston, and was erected at a cost of two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars from the combined offerings of Christian Scientists in all parts of the world. The dominant feature of this stone edifice is a Romanesque tower one hundred and twenty-six feet high, with turreted corners, and a circular swell in the lower portion in which is a stone tablet inscribed: "The First Church of Christ Scientist, erected Anno Domini 1894, a testimonial to our beloved teacher, Reverend Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science, and first pastor of this denomination."

The colored windows represent the raising of Lazarus and the daughter of Jairus, and other Biblical miracles, on which the belief of this church is based. The auditorium, with the gallery, has a capacity of fifteen hundred. The most expensive materials have been used throughout. All the floors are of tessellated marble, and the walls are wainscoted with mosaics. The furnishings of one small room devoted to the use of the mother of the church cost thirty-five hundred dollars, made up of children's offerings.

A Week in the Adirondacks.

THE Adirondacks are every year becoming more and more the pleasure-ground of the people. The time was, not many years ago, when they were the resort exclusively of sportsmen or invalids. Now, however, when their wonderful attractions have become more widely known, and access to their depths has become easy, they are thronged every summer by multitudes of visitors from all parts of the Union. While their advantages as a sanitarium are unapproachable, their charms to the mere pleasure-seeker and to the overworked man of business who seeks rest in close contact with nature, as well as to the artist and the student, are equally great. A brief account of a week spent in the North Woods during July last may perhaps be found of interest to those who have never yet been privileged to invade this most attractive region.

Leaving the Grand Central Depot on the Adirondack express of the New York Central at seven in the evening, Fulton Chain station is reached early on the following morning. This station is only a short distance from Old Forge, one of the oldest and most popular resorts of the woods. It lies on First Lake, and at the threshold of a most delightful tour through the entire chain, comprising eight lakes in all. Of these, Fourth Lake is the most attractive, and by many is regarded as the most charming in the Adirondack region. While smaller than Raquette, it has many points of resemblance in its scenic environment. Passing through these several lakes by a little steamer to the head of Fourth Lake, one finds himself surrounded by majestic altitudes, of which Bald Mountain is one of the chief. Several hotels and many charming camps and cottages line the shores of these lakes. Retracing our way to Old Forge and Fulton Chain, we journey north past Clear Pond and Big Moose Lake, and, making a brief stop at Ne-ha-se-ne, the private station of Dr. Seward Webb, owner of the magnificent Ne-ha-se-ne Park, with its beautiful lakes, Childwold Park station is reached at six o'clock. Thence a delightful drive of five miles through the primeval forest to Lake Massawepie, and the lights of the Hotel Childwold appear. This is one of the favorite hotels of the woods, having held its own and retained its patronage against the competition of later

years. An evening at Childwold and a moonlight stroll along the charming paths, breathing the air for which the Adirondacks are famous, is something to be remembered.

What is pleasanter than an Adirondack morning in July? New scenes greet our eyes as we return over the forest road to the station. Seven miles from Childwold is Tupper Lake station, just before reaching which we cross the Raquette River. The Tupper Lakes are favorite resorts of sportsmen, and are both traversed by steamers. The next stop is Saranac Inn station. A two-mile ride in a tally-ho over a good road, and we hear the dinner-call at Saranac Inn. The lake and mountain view from this famous spot is one of the most impressive in all this vast region, and the Inn itself is one of the coziest hostleries in the mountains. Upper Saranac, at the head of which the hotel is situated, is ten miles long, and a marvel of beauty. The trim little steamer *Saranac* takes us through the lake, past numbers of costly camps, bowered among the trees, to Hotel Wawbeek, another delightful resort. We pay a short visit to Saranac Club-house, at the foot of the upper Saranac, formerly known as Bartlett's Carry; then returning to the train, proceed to the Ampersand, which is located on the lower Saranac Lake, a mile from Saranac village, where a delightful night is spent. Next day we visit the Algonquin, Riverside, and Berkley, exploring with great pleasure this charming region. The Indians three hundred years ago called this the "Lake of the Clustered Stars" on account of its numerous islands.

Another pleasant evening at the Ampersand, a good night's rest, an excellent breakfast, and we are off for Lake Placid and Mirror Lake, ten miles away. Here are some of the most charming scenes, not only in the Adirondacks but in the world. Jackson, the noted landscape photographer, says, "The view from the hill near the Stevens House is the most picturesque and beautiful landscape I have ever seen." Mountains tower all around us. Mirror Lake and Lake Placid, like great mirrors, reflect the mountains and forests on their surfaces. We spend the afternoon in steaming around Lake Placid on the little launch which makes excursions at stated hours during the day. Several large and small hotels, all well managed, are located here, among them the Stevens House, Grand View, Hotel Ruessaumont, the Lake Placid, and Whiteface Inn. The ascent of Mount Whiteface is one of the features of a visit to this locality, and this lofty peak, towering majestically heavenward, is always an object of supreme interest to visitors to this region. Next morning, in a drive of twenty miles to Keene Valley, we pass, two miles out, the grave of John Brown; and a little farther on come to the road which leads to Adirondack Lodge, a favorite resting-place of summer tourists. Proceeding, we pass along the shore of the Cascade Lake, through scenery rugged and grand, reaching Keene Centre about twelve, and Keene Valley before one o'clock. We would like to visit St. Hubert's Inn, but have not time to add the extra six miles, and therefore return direct to Placid, enthusiastic over the day's experiences.

Leaving Lake Placid, we pass Rainbow Lake, a charming location, and make a brief stop at Kushaqua Lodge. This pleasant hotel is located on the shore of Lake Kushaqua—or "beautiful resting-place"—and we all agree that it is rightly named. Resuming our journey, we pass in sight of Loon Lake—another charming place. "Paul Smith's" is our last stopping point, and is reached by the New York Central to Paul Smith's station and a tally-ho ride of three and a half miles over a good road from the station to the hotel.

Paul Smith is the most unique character in the Adirondacks. He was one of the first white guides to that wonderful wilderness, and has spent his life among its beautiful lakes and streams. For years his hotel on the upper St. Regis has been the resort of admirers of Nature in her wildest moods from every civilized country on the globe. The hunter, the fisherman, the botanist, the woodsman, as well as the poet, the painter, and the novelist, have enjoyed the hospitality and listened to the stories of Paul Smith. It is said that at the height of the season there is more wealth represented at Paul Smith's hotel, in the Adirondack Mountains, than at any single hotel in the world; and yet, side by side with the millionaire, you will find the poor artist or devotee of the rod, who has gone there for his vacation, and who enjoys it as thoroughly as if he owned whole blocks on Fifth Avenue. There is one sad thought in regard to Paul Smith—when he passes away he will have no successor; there is but one Paul Smith. His beautiful preserve on the upper and lower St. Regis lakes and Spittfire Pond is filled with some of the most charming camps in the whole Adirondack region. Every lover of Nature should make at least one visit to the Adirondack Mountains while the region is yet as Nature made it, and to "Paul Smith's" should be given at least a week.

AMATEUR ATHLETES

Needed Bicycle Legislation.

THE recent sad accident to Robert Center, the cyclist whose collision with a coal-cart resulted in almost instant death, should prove a warning and lesson to those riders of the silent horse—and they may be numbered by the thousands—who make a practice of *scorching* through crowded city thoroughfares with bodies bent double over handle-bars, and eyes upon the dial of their cyclometer. Those who thus speed along flaunt their life as a reed, to be destroyed at any moment, and they have themselves alone to blame should accident, trifling or serious, befall.

The coal-cart driver was not in the least responsible for Mr. Center's death, even though driving along the left side of the roadway at the time, for, strange as it may seem, in this great city there is no recognized "rule of the road" above Twenty-third Street. Mr. Center had been trailing behind a car, and when that refused to go fast enough for him he turned out to pass ahead. Had he observed the caution of keeping his eye peeled, the coal-cart would have been spied to a certainty and avoided. But, according to the only eye-witness, Mr. Center was not looking about at all, but pedaling on oblivious of his surroundings.

Standing upon the front platform of a Madison Avenue car the other day, my breath was all but taken away several times within the space of two blocks by reckless cyclists, riding by on the asphalt road three feet wide between the up and down car-tracks. Each one of those riders held his life in his hands, as it were, for what chance was there of avoiding collision with a team crossing suddenly in front of the car, when in fact the team would be removed from the sight of the rider until too late for action either on his part or that of the driver? What chance, indeed, would the passenger alighting in a hurry from the car have against the flying steel horse? None whatever. In jeopardizing their own lives and those of others by reckless disregard of all but the one idea of riding fast and on the best road, those riders rendered themselves criminally liable. A policeman should have made an arrest, that the courts later on might teach a lesson, the importance of which grows in due proportion to the fiery spread of the present cycle craze.

That the time has come for legislation to govern bicycle riders is attested almost daily by accounts of accidents, some very serious, others hair-breadth escapes, etc. There should be a "rule of the road" to begin with, of an iron-clad nature, and policemen should enforce its dictates relentlessly. Secondly, it should be understood that the bicyclists in all ordinary cases should be the ones to *turn out*. If a person be on foot the law should protect that person in pursuing the even tenor of his way, and make the cyclist, mayhap approaching, do all the dodging necessary to pass. When a man and a bicycle begin to dodge one another, the mischief is to pay; on the other hand the cyclist, knowing that *he* is the one to observe care, acts accordingly. The most ordinary of bicyclists can run safely through most crowded streets if they have the assurance that when they attempt passing a man or a team that said man or team is not going to suddenly try to get out of the way at the moment of passing.

In other words, the cyclist has perfect command of all situations but one, which I shall speak of presently, and unless hampered by unlooked-for actions of others, he does no harm. Hence we see how important it is that drivers of teams and carriages, and pedestrians, understand that they must not look out for the bicycle—that they must not hesitate or do erratic things. How many times we have all seen a woman crossing the street and a bicycle approaching. She catches sight of the cycle, stops, steps back, then changes her mind and steps ahead—then stops, and the man on the bicycle, completely puzzled, either falls off to avoid collision or runs the woman down. Had the woman kept on serenely, calmly, all would have been well and an accident impossible.

More than one fatal accident to a cyclist has occurred through inability to command the situation. This inability is due to the absence of a brake. The 1895 machines generally are being sold without this valuable appliance, and right here the law should step in and force manufacturers to place a brake on every machine which they market. Furthermore, every cyclist riding along the street without a brake should be subject to arrest. For the reason that at times it becomes necessary to stop instantly—that in going down a steep hill it becomes necessary to slacken up quickly to round a sharp turn, to avoid a deep gutter, etc.—then the brake becomes essential.

It is all well enough to say, "Just use your

foot on the front wheel; that's as good as a brake any time," but I have seen and have experienced quite a different result. When on the instant a circumstance arises calling for *instant* action, the foot is not always on deck, as it were.

Only recently I had all but reached the bottom of a hill steep enough to make my machine difficult to keep within bounds. Ahead I observed a sharp turn to the left. All seemed well as I neared the corner, and I was about letting out a little, seeing a nice bit of ground to make a sweeping turn, when lo! in an instant a horse drawing a buggy with two Sunday buggy-riders came along on the gallop. I was under such headway at the time that to back-pedal or to fall or jump off meant precipitation beneath the hoofs of the horse or the wheels of the buggy. The only thing to do then, in my opinion, was to put on extra speed and pass in front. This I did, going beneath the outstretched neck of the horse.

How different the situation would have been had a brake been handy. One strong embrace of the steel lever, and the bicycle would have stopped in its tracks. Now this is only one of many instances where the brake becomes a thing of safety, and a necessity in avoiding danger which shows suddenly and without warning.

Embraced in the laws governing cyclists should also be a recognized rule of pace in crowded streets; but after all, rules of pace, rules of the road, and all else seem to me subservient to the one which makes the brake an essential part of every bicycle.

As the majority of trolley accidents are due to the pernicious system of running up and down cars on the same street, so are the majority of cycle accidents due to the rider's inability to command his machine instantly in emergencies.

GIGANTIC SAIL-SPREADS.

At the completion of the international races, *Vigilant-Valkyrie*, in 1893, the chief reason for defeat advanced by Lord Dunraven, his captain (Cransfield), and others interested in the success of *Valkyrie*, was the greater sail-spread of the Yankee craft. And many others who witnessed that soul-stirring last race—the thrash to windward along the Long Island shore and the run home—said that *Valkyrie* was unsuccessful only because of her inability to muster the square yards of cloth to catch the breeze. And it is this shortsightedness, or lack of daring, which will surely lead Lord Dunraven to give *Valkyrie III*, a gigantic sail-spread.

In 1893 *Colonia*, *Jubilee*, and *Vigilant* each carried something over eleven thousand three hundred square feet of canvas, and these enormous spreads caused the old sailors to squint and to predict dire things when the winds should begin to blow, while others marveled and opined that the limit had been reached in clothing the mammoth single-stickers. Yet, unless all signs fail, the limit will be reached this year. That Captain Nat Herreshoff will give to *Defender* as great a sail plan as she can possibly carry, and in his figuring show the daring venture which has characterized his work in the past, is certain. And Designer Watson, with due regard of the fact that the races will be sailed in the month of September, when—though strong winds are possibilities—breezes only are probable, will as surely give to *Valkyrie III*, at the least eight per cent. more canvas than had *Valkyrie II*.

It is said that *Ailsa*, the Fife cutter, carries something like eleven thousand five hundred square feet, and in a blow she is unable to stand up. Still, what *Ailsa* is and does under a press of canvas will count for little in Mr. Watson's calculations. It is conceded that *Valkyrie III* will be as stiff a boat as other Watson creations, notably *Britannia* and *Valkyrie II*, and with a greater beam she will carry more canvas in proportion to her greater measurements than her sisters. Twelve thousand square feet does not seem an excessive estimate of the sail-spread of the English cup-challenger this year, and this figure is based on the alleged dimensions of the spars.

According to a Boston authority the spars of *Defender* will closely approximate these dimensions: Mast, one hundred and two feet; boom, one hundred and two feet; gaff, sixty-four feet; bowsprit, forty-four feet; topmast, sixty-two feet; spinnaker-pole, seventy-two feet. This set of sticks is being fashioned by a Boston firm. Piegras, of City Island, is also said to be working on a second set for the new boat, and the dimensions are: Mast, one hundred and four feet; boom, one hundred and four feet; gaff, fifty-eight feet; bowsprit, net board, thirty or thirty-two feet; topmast, sixty feet; spinnaker-pole, seventy-two feet. It is very probable that, while these figures are in the main correct, they all will be cut down a bit in the fitting.

While *Vigilant* had a hoist to her mainsail of sixty feet, *Defender* will have, according to yacht sharps, at least sixty-five feet. And

right here—that is, in her mainsail—*Defender* will make her greatest gain over *Vigilant*, as her mast will be stepped further forward in proportion to her length than *Vigilant's*.

Whereas *Vigilant* carried five thousand seven hundred square feet in her mainsail, *Defender* will go her better by one thousand feet and a few more into the bargain, making something like seven thousand square feet.

Taking into account the progressive and the daring spirit of Nat Herreshoff, it is safe to say that inasmuch as *Vigilant* had eleven thousand three hundred square feet, *Defender*, with several feet more on the load water-line, and over all, and a far deeper and more powerful craft, will carry between twelve thousand five hundred, and thirteen thousand square feet. These figures almost take away one's breath, and it is pretty certain that when *Valkyrie* shall make her appearance in these waters more wonder will be in store for yachtsmen. Should it be Lord Dunraven's fate to lose again this year, it won't be because of lack of canvas to drive the Watson model; hence we may expect, as in the case of *Defender*, a simply gigantic sail-spread.

W. T. Bull.

The Cat Show.

CATS have never had their day, properly speaking, in New York. Dogs have had their days, many of them, and undoubtedly will continue to have many more in the future, but the attention devoted to cats in this respect has been sadly lacking. But on May 8th all, or most all, of the really beautiful, charming, exquisite cats of this city, as well as of several other more distant localities, will appear before the public in a manner as novel to them as it will be to all the cat admirers who may frequent the Madison Square Garden. The first cat show in America will open there Wednesday morning and continue through the week. For America this is a decidedly unique form of entertainment, but it is the aim of those interested in its success to make these cat shows regular annual affairs, as the horse and dog shows, and a cat association will very likely be organized during, or immediately after, the coming show. In England cat shows have become thoroughly established, and their popularity and success can perhaps be seen from the fact that the show to be held in Crystal Palace next fall will be the twenty-seventh annual exhibit of the kind.

The patronesses of this first New York—as well as first American—cat show, all of whom have a deep reverence for cats, and have several fine pets of their own, are: Mrs. J. J. Astor, Miss Bird, Mrs. Fred Gebhard, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, Mrs. John Lowery, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. F. K. Sturgis, Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mrs. Stanford White, and Mrs. L. K. Wilmerding. The gentlemen who have also taken a lively interest in the show, and who will probably figure as the organizers of the projected cat association, are: Frederic Bronson, F. O. de Luze, J. G. K. Duer, Cornelius Fellowes, John G. Heckscher, H. H. Hollister, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Colonel Lawrence Kip, Adolf Ladenburg, Charles Lanier, D. O. Mills, J. Pierpont Morgan, A. Newbold Morris, Herman Oelrichs, F. K. Sturgis, George Peabody Wetmore, W. F. Wharton, Stanford White, and James T. Hyde.

Over two hundred cats have been entered for the show, and they represent all varieties, kinds, colors, ages, nationalities, and degrees of attractiveness and beauty. They range all the way from the most ordinary, every-day domestic cat to the purest-blooded Maltese and Angora cats. There are also two wild-cats among the number, some beautiful Mexican and Siamese cats, including several specimens of those scarce and valuable felines, the ocelots and civets.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox enters the pet cat of her household, a white French Angora named Madame Ref. With it will be two beautiful Angora kittens. Mrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman is another ardent cat fancier, and has sent two pretty little cats of a peculiar bluish color.

These are known in the novelist's household as Kelpie and Babylon.

Some wonderful Australian cats, and the only ones in the exhibit, have been entered by Dr. Henry J. Hammond and his wife, of Norwich, Connecticut. The finest one has been honored with the name of Frances Cleveland, and is a competitor for the special prize to be given to the best short-haired cat. This particular one is of a dark steel color, with smooth, silvery ears and a rat-shaped, ringed tail. It weighs seven pounds, and is four years old. Another of Dr. Hammond's fine Australians is called Columbia, and has exquisite blue and gray markings and pure white feet. Columbia will be accompanied by her two six-months-old kittens, bearing the popular names of Yale and Harvard.

The Actors' Fund cat, Whiskers, will represent the theatrical element of cat-life. Every member of the Actors' Fund knows Whiskers, as he figures in the rôle of the mascot of the organization. Whiskers is a short-haired, tiger-marked animal, three years old. N. N. Bickford, the artist, has sent an exquisite white Angora, Mizzie, five years old. A little boy over in Brooklyn, Henry Boehncke, sends Tommy Charles, a fifteen-months-old silver-and-gray house cat. On his entry-slip Henry has written: "I am twelve years old, and raised my Tommy with a teaspoon." It is said to be remarkably healthy and very lively. Even Hoboken is heard from. The famous individual in that place known as "Bishop the Bird Man" sends two fine specimens that he warrants never to catch birds. He calls them Fanny Rice and Le Roy. Charles Thornewell, of Brooklyn, sends a small collection of cat curiosities, a mother and her two kittens, each of which has more toes than is absolutely needed by nature. The old cat, Tabby, is the proud possessor of seven toes on each of its front feet.

Mrs. Fabius M. Clarke, of this city, and her daughter, Miss Marguerite, enter several very valuable imported Angoras. They are "thoroughbreds," and can trace their pedigrees back several generations. One, Persia, is a magnificent dark-blue chinchilla, with soft, long hair, silvery at the roots and dark-blue at the ends. This cat has taken prizes in the recent Crystal Palace shows in London. Another prize-winner is Silbio, a silver-colored tabby with amber eyes; and still another aristocratic cat is Mimi-datzi, a beautiful Angora kitten. The cat Tammany will occupy, for a time, the place occupied by the mythical Tammany tiger. This Tammany cat belongs to Mrs. E. A. Wise, and is eleven months old. Mrs. C. H. Machin, of Brooklyn, sends a full-blooded Maltese called Tommy. This also has seven toes on one of its feet, is seven years old, and weighs sixteen pounds. Grover B. is a white Maltese cat, seven years old, which comes from Philadelphia, where it is owned by Mrs. W. P. Buchanan. Razzle and Dazzle, twin-brother cats,

(Continued on page 310.)

"If all the gold in mint or bank,
All earthly things that men call wealth,
Were mine, with every titled rank,
I'd give them all for precious health."

THUS in anguish wrote a lady teacher to a near friend, telling of pitiless headache, of smarting pain, of pain in back and loins, of dejection, weakness, and nervous, feverish unrest. The friend knew both causes and cure, and flashed back the answer, "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription." The distressed teacher obeyed, was restored to perfect health, and her daily duties once more became a daily pleasure. For lady teachers, salesladies, and others kept long standing, or broken down by exhausting work, the "Prescription" is a most potent restorative tonic, and a certain cure for all female weakness.

Good News for Asthmatics.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



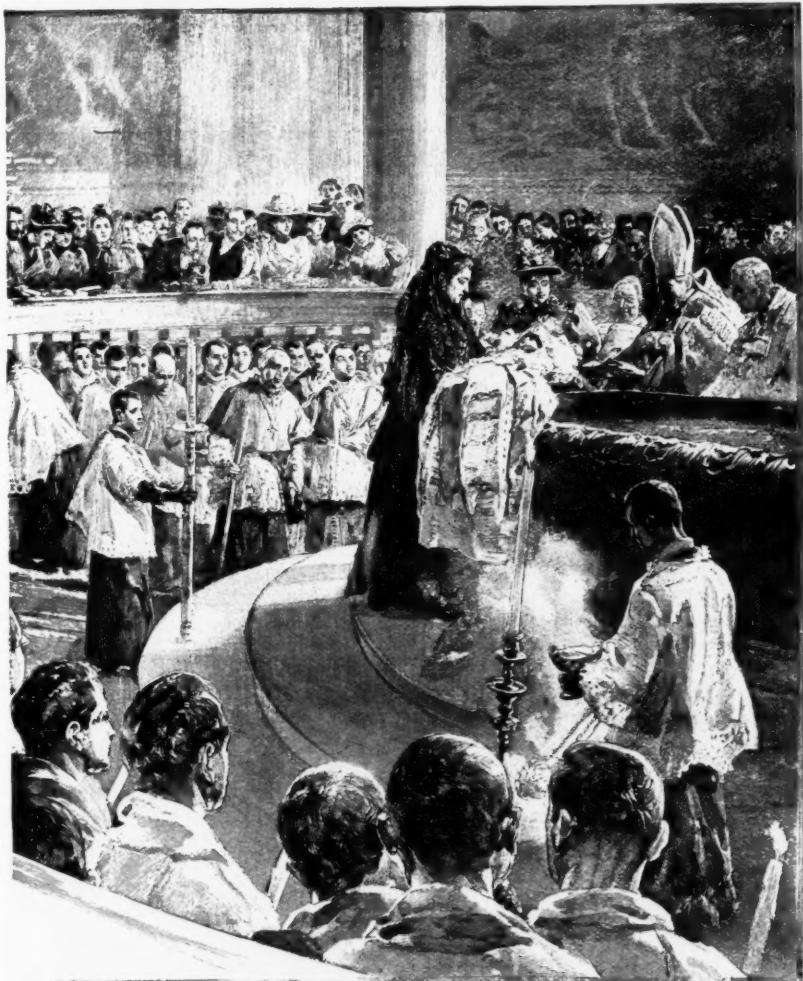
THE NATIONAL CAT SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY, MAY 8TH-11TH.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 307.]



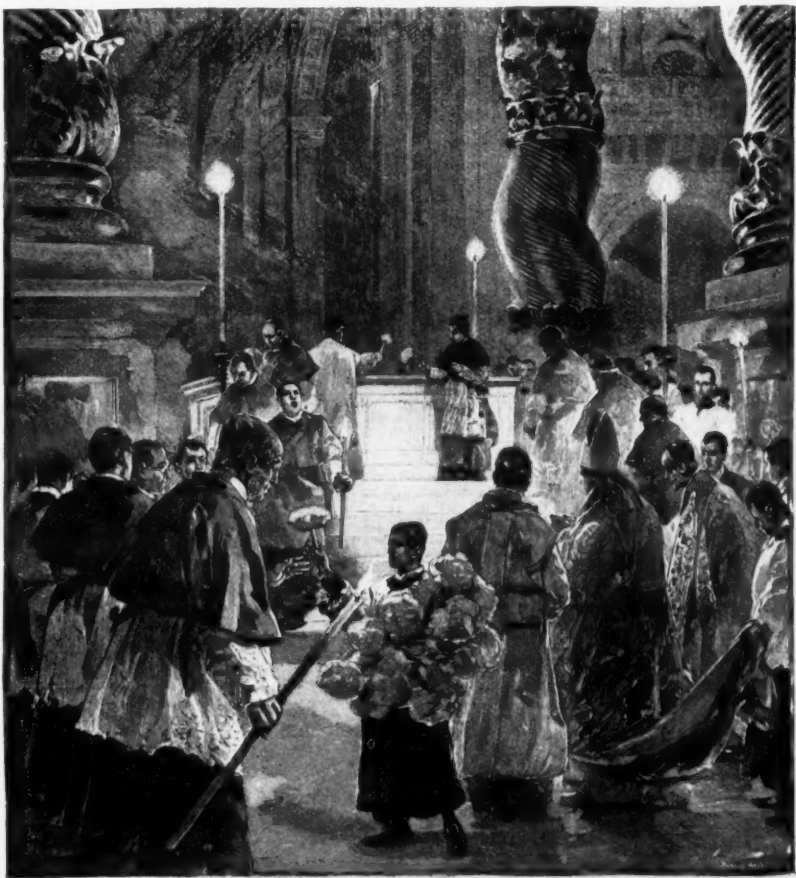
DISTRIBUTION OF PALMS IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.



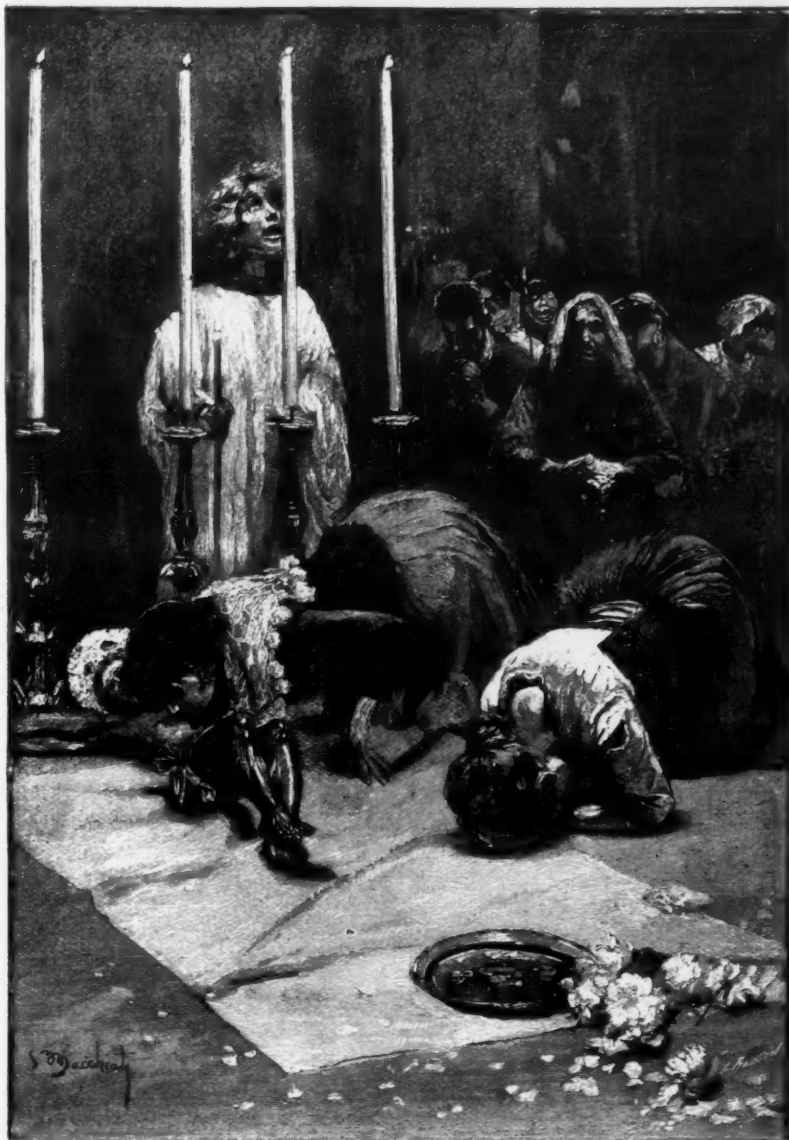
ON THE STEPS OF THE SACRED STAIRCASE.



BAPTIZING AN INFANT IN ST. JEAN DE LATIAN.



AT THE GRAND ALTAR, ST. PETER'S, ON GOOD FRIDAY.



GOOD FRIDAY—WOMEN KISSING THE IMAGE OF CHRIST.



PALM SUNDAY—RETURN OF THE PROCESSION TO ST. PETER'S—KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

NEW CURE—KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

If you are a sufferer from kidney or bladder diseases, pain in back, or rheumatism, you should send for the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, which will be sent you free by mail, post-paid, by the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth Avenue, New York. Alkavis is certainly a wonderful remedy, and you should try it, as it is offered you free.

Our Puzzle Corner.

Owing to the pressure of other matter upon our space, the "Puzzle Corner" is crowded out of the present issue.

THE JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS COMPANY, of Boston, have a record of fifty-five years upon which to base their claims for recognition in the business world. Established in 1840 by Mr. John P. Lovell, this house has steadily advanced, until now it is in the very front row—in fact, so to speak, "right up with the band." This year the "Lovell Diamond" wheel cannot be surpassed by any manufacturer, for general mechanism and nicety of finish. The wheel is a practical one, and gives most excellent service to any rider who wants a machine first class in every respect. We know, because we have used them. The John P. Lovell Company keep everything desired in the way of sporting goods—fishing-tackle, guns, revolvers, bicycles, base-ball and gymnasium goods, and you can rely on it you will get goods just as represented. Give them a trial and you will be convinced.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 830 Powers Block, Rochester, New York.

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Cocoa is undoubtedly a nourishment equally liked by all classes. Of the many different brands which are sold in the market, W. T. Boon & Co.'s Cocoa deserves a high standing for its excellent qualities. Boon's Cocoa is most preferred for its perfect purity, delicious taste and aroma, and good digestion. It may also be recommended for its great strength, as one pound is sufficient for one hundred and twenty breakfasts. This cocoa is manufactured in Wormerveer, in Holland, and imported by Mr. William Cronheim, 177 William Street, New York, who is the general agent of this firm for the United States. Mr. Cronheim is also the representative of Daniel Visser & Zonen, Schiedam, Holland, one of the oldest distilleries in the world (founded 1714), whose "Graauwe Hengst Gin" is known all over the globe, and appreciated by all connoisseurs.

THE SECOND SUMMER.

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

The best regulator of the digestive organs is Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 635 Marshall, Michigan.

WORSE THAN RUM.

INDIGESTION spoils more lives than rum. But you think you have "malaria" or "grip," or something worse. The trouble is all in the digestive tract. Ripples Tablets bring a sort of Millennium with them. One gives relief, and their habitual use keeps the whole system in tone. Get them of your druggist.

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No Secret About It.

Physicians have had the formula of Scott's Emulsion for 20 years and know they can always depend upon it as being exactly the same. It contains the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the best Hypophosphites and chemically pure Glycerine, made into a perfect Emulsion that does not separate or grow rancid like other so-called Emulsions. There have been many things presented as substitutes, but there is nothing that can take its place in Consumption and all wasting diseases.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

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SKIN CURE
Instantly Relieves
TORTURING
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And the most distressing forms of itching, burning, bleeding, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humors, and points to a speedy cure when all other remedies and the best physicians fail. CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, and its cures of torturing, disfiguring humors are the most wonderful on record.

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Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP, AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 43d St., N. Y. City, Inventor of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. Send 10c. for sample and 150-page book on Dermatology.

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only once to know
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well, and is pure.
Its friends know all
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Constipation,
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from them.

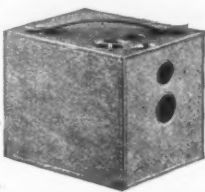
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ought to be on the edge
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MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN,
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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made
of absolutely pure and well matured liquors,
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Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails
made of the same material and proportions,
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Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any
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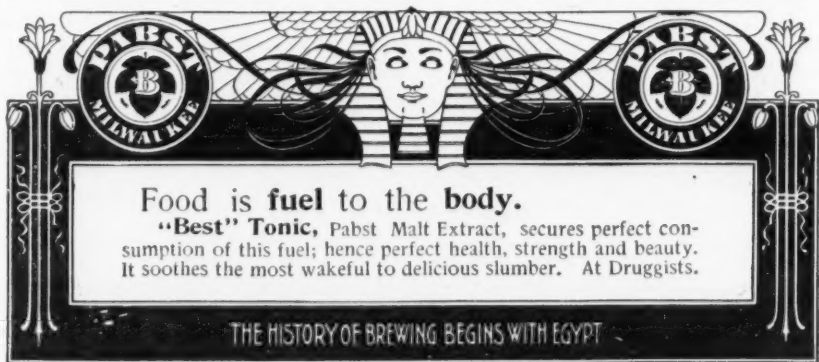


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It is a solid handsome cake of
scouring soap which has no equal
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What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths
bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will
take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour
the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The
wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as
a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a
clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

on pages 304 and 305 were made by J. C. Hemment with the Ross Patent Lens used in the

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For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati in a magnificently equipped train,

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Chicago is only 24 hours away; Cincinnati 22; St. Louis 30.

Eleven through trains each day, Practically a train every hour, via

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LONDON.
THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivaled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

The Cat Show.

(Continued from page 307.)

are entered by Hanft Brothers, this city. Razzle has a short tail, and Dazzle a long tail; otherwise they are as alike as two peas in a pod, being jet black, with yellow eyes. These wonderful cats are six years old, have always slept together, and are trained to answer to a whistle. Mrs. H. Burnett, of this city, sends the heaviest cat, a grayish-black grimalkin, named Dick. He is eight years and nine months old, weighs twenty-two pounds, and measures three feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. Miss Maud Brooks sends the only three-legged cat.

Over one thousand dollars in prizes have been offered by those giving the show, and there are a number of special prizes, including one offered by Mrs. Richard F. Carman for the best long-haired cat in the show; a silver bowl offered by the Hotel Grenoble for the largest and heaviest cat; a silver fruit-spoon offered by James T. Hyde for the best short-haired cat; and a prize of ten dollars in gold for the homeliest cat.

F. W. CRANE.

Sketches of Wonderland.

The tourist-book for 1895, issued by the Passenger Department of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, abounds in information concerning the Wonderland which is penetrated by that system. The illustrations are all of the very best, and exhibit in the most striking and effective way the unequalled scenic beauties of that marvelous region. The volume is especially interesting and comprehensive in its description and illustration of Yellowstone National Park and Mount Rainier. The author, Mr. O. D. Wheeler, made the ascent of Mount Rainier, the summit of which is 14,444 feet above sea-level, for the express purpose of obtaining material for this publication, and the pictures secured by him, together with the account of what he saw and the experiences through which he passed, form a chapter of the very highest value. To persons who are yet considering where to spend their summer vacations, this little book, at once so dainty and so full of useful information, will be peculiarly timely and attractive.



Is what it is named.

It is not a signal to show that a bicycle is coming, but an aid recognized by such riders as R. P. Searle, who says:—

Gentlemen: I have just finished my second record breaking trip from Chicago to New York. I used your lamp on all my nighttrips, sometimes running at a speed of fifteen miles per hour in the dark. I was only able to make this fast time by the splendid light which I was

enabled to obtain with the use of your lamp. I used your lamp because I considered it the best in the world to-day, and it has far exceeded my expectations. Yours, very truly,
R. P. SEARLE.

Points of Superiority

Over every other

Central draft—burns 10 hours.
Burns kerosene oil unmixed.
Flame absolutely adjustable (by set screw).
Lantern made: Filled and lighted from outside.

Saves Doctors' bills, barked shins, soiled clothing, and makes riding when there is the most leisure a pleasure.

Don't be insulted by having a cheap Lantern offered you which may possess possibly one characteristic, but insist on having the Search Light, which will be delivered free, if your dealer won't supply you, for the price, \$5.00. Circular free. Address

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Have you tried the

FORSTNER AUGER BIT?
It bores round and oval holes as smooth as a gun-barrel. You cannot get along without it for fine carpentry, cabinet and pattern work. Sample sent on receipt of 55 cents. Illustrated price-list free. Discounts to dealers. For sale by all Hardware Dealers. The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., 515 & 515 Broadway, N. Y.

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A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST
DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A
DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers,
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\$75 NO. 1 (For Men).
28 in. Wheels, 23 lbs.
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26 in. Wheels, 22 lbs.

HIGHEST GRADE

SEND FOR
OUR CATALOGUE

CRESCENT BICYCLES

\$50 NO. 2 (For Youths).
26 inch Wheels, 21 1/2 pounds.
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SCORCHER
28 in. Wheels, 20 lbs.
A reliable machine of
lightest weight con-
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LOWEST PRICES

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WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.

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ACCURACY GUARANTEED.
Send for illustrated catalogue describing all styles, for measuring 10,000 or 1,000 miles. Latest model has bell attachment, ringing at completion of every mile. All styles made for 25, 28 and 30 inch wheels.

Brooklyn Bicycle Stand.
Is light, neat, compact, and ornamental, and is fitted with casters. Excellent for the house. Prevents marring of walls or soiling of carpets.
The Bicycle can be raised or lowered so that the wheels can be revolved for cleaning or to exhibit at the machine.
PRICE, \$1.50 UP.
Send for Catalogue of Bicycle Sundries, Gun Implements, etc.,
THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT CO.,
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CHAMPAGNE.
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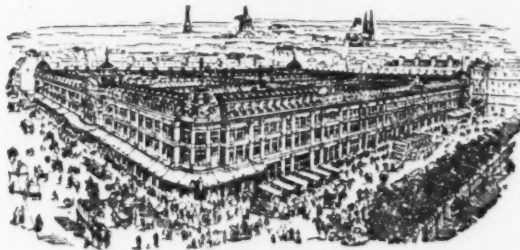
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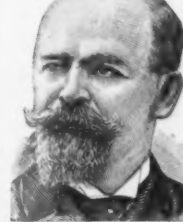
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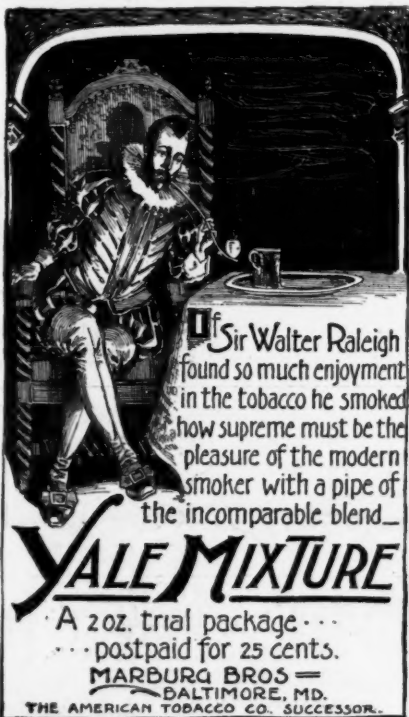
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